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Speaking of Heroes

Paintings by Willy Pogany

See John Erskine's Story On Next Page

How to Get Along with *Headhunters*

When the Sun Was at Just the Right Spot in the Tropic Sky, the "Earthquake" Let Go—And Saved the French Scientist's Head

MANY a foolhardy white man literally has lost his head by venturing into that part of the Brazilian jungle bossed by the primitive and ruthless Jivaro Indians. A French scientist named Henri Le Saunier isn't one of them.

Three years ago he went into the Jivaro country to gather information about the copper-skinned headhunters. His friends had long ago given him up for dead—until he popped up in the Bolivian town of Villa Bella the other day. He was all in one piece and feeling fine.

"Por Dios," said Le Saunier's friend, the Villa Bella police chief, "how did you do it?"

"Magic," said the scientist. "I outwitched the Jivaro medicine men. The headhunters want me to come and live with them."

"What magic?" asked the police chief dubiously.

"Well, among other things, I made an earthquake. I did the trick by secretly burying 50 pounds of gunpowder near the chief's house. A short fuse and a magnifying glass to focus the sun's rays on the fuse accounted for the rest of the 'miracle.'

"The deafening blast scared the blazes out of the Jivaros and convinced them that I was a better magician than their own medicine man."

In another village Le Saunier filled a gourd with river water and dropped in a handful of potassium. The Indians prostrated themselves in awe at the rose-colored flames that resulted.

"By grapevine telegraph," said the scientist, "my reputation spread from village to village—and not even the most blood thirsty of the superstitious Indians would take a chance on hacking off the head of a man who could make the earth explode and water burst into flame."

Between such spectacular feats of pyrotechnics, the Frenchman went in for equally mystifying feats of sleight-of-hand. He picked coins from the noses and ears of his hard-boiled hosts. In his facile fingers playing cards and other small things vanished with amazing suddenness in the fetid jungle air.

"And that," the man of science told the chief of police, "is the secret of my success with the Jivaros. Know a little high school chemistry and a few simple tricks of parlor magic, and you'll never lose your head in the Jivaro country. Those Indians like being fooled."

"Are you going back among the headhunters?" asked the policeman.

"I guess not," said the scientist, "but I've got a good job waiting if I do—medicine-man-in-chief for the whole Jivaro nation."

Moved His Church into a *Saloon*

No Beer Was Served the "Parishioners" During the Short Sermon Or the Singing of Hymns.

THE REVEREND T. B. OLIVER, vicar in the English village of Mayfield, is no prude. He doesn't expect perfection of his parishioners, but he is showing remarkable originality in seeing that all of them are exposed to religion.

Not long ago—by arrangement with the owner—he arrived at one of the town's busiest saloons just before closing time. He had an armful of hymn books.

"Gentlemen," he said to the patrons at the bar, "I apologize for butting in like this, but I'd like to try a little experiment. I'd like to hold church services right here. I won't take much of your time."

For the next 15 minutes no fresh beers were drawn as the customers sang hymns. Whether it was because their whistles were wet, or they were naturally good singers, the vicar didn't know, but he admitted that "the harmony was mighty good."

A short sermon was followed by a prayer. After the parson left, and the saloon parishioners had ordered their nightcaps, most of them agreed that the religious touch around a pub wasn't a half bad idea. They asked the owner, W. W. Stenning, to invite the vicar around once a week.

Speaking of Heroes

MEET THE KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT FOR THE GLAMOUR GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS

Interpreted by
JOHN ERSKINE
From "Amadis of Gaul,"
The World's No. 1 Love Story

YOU remember how a damsel led Galaor to the castle where dwelt the Lady Aldeva, and how Galaor tarried a while for love of her. The Duke of Bristol, who was Aldeva's uncle, chided the damsel for introducing a stranger into the house, and requested his name. This the damsel refused to give, whereupon the Duke allowed her a few hours to change her mind, otherwise she would be burnt alive.

Don Agrayes, son of the King of Scotland, was on his way to visit King Lisuarte. He rode in a blissful mood, thinking of nothing but Olinda, his lady, daughter of the King of Norway, but in the midst of the forest he met a damsel who was looking for help, and when he asked what kind of help, she told the plight of that other damsel who must die at the stake.

Agrayes rode to the Duke's castle, and the Duke, happening to be at the dinner table, urged him to draw up a chair and have something to eat. But Agrayes said he could have no appetite until the damsel should be released, and the Duke said Agrayes would go hungry a long time.

Then they went out to a smooth piece of ground, and the Duke, who was no hero, let one of his knights be his champion against Agrayes. They rode so furiously against each other that their spears were shattered, and they struck so angrily with their swords that helmet and shield seemed fragile. But the champion wearied at last, and when it was clear he must lose, the Duke rode back toward his castle as though the outcome didn't interest him. Then the beaten knight asked for mercy, and Agrayes caught up with the Duke just outside the castle gate.

"Since I have won, you may yield me the damsel."

"May I indeed!" said the Duke. "She may tell what I wish to know, or she may die in the fire."

Then Agrayes waited outside the castle gate until the next morning, when the Duke appeared with two knights and twelve men-at-arms, and the damsel bound. At the edge of the forest there was a convenient stake.

"Now light up," said the Duke, "and we'll put an end to obstinacy."

In the heat of the flames the damsel might have told all, but Agrayes galloped up with his squire, when no such interruption was expected. The knights were dismounted and the men-at-arms slain, and the Duke himself fled to his castle, the squire meanwhile scattering the faggots.

Then the Duke came again with a larger party, but Agrayes challenged him with a blow that cut through his visor and sheared off his nose. Much discouraged, the Duke galloped off and didn't come back.

"I suppose you know this neighborhood," said Agrayes, whose poise was undisturbed. "Is there a place of comfortable lodgment near?"

The damsel said there was, and showed him the way.

Next week Mr. Erskine will interpret another romantic incident from "Amadis of Gaul."

BEAUTY FADING?

BETTER START SPENDING

1 EXTRA MINUTE A WEEK

PROTECTING YOUR TEETH WITH TEEL—ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT AVOIDS THESE CAVITIES!

SHE: Eyes left! Some day you'll get swamped by those WAVES.

HE: *Was* she a WAVE? All I saw was a *gorgeous smile.*

SHE: Well, have I lost *mine?*

HE: No, but if you don't watch out, 8 in 10 you may.

SHE: Sounds like dangerous odds.

HE: Dangerous is right. According to studies at a leading dental clinic, 8 in 10 adults risked getting cavities at the gumline.

SHE: Well, what can I *do* about it?

HE: TEEL avoids 'em. But, remember, it's the only leading dentifrice that does.

SHE: You mean TEEL is safer?

HE: The safe*st*! And not only that, it's swell tasting.

SHE: Really?

HE: Like a twig of crispy mint!

SHE: M-m-m-m-m. You sound almost poetic!

HE: And TEEL's so darned easy to use, too. All you do is brush every day with TEEL . . . and one extra minute a week brush with TEEL and plain baking soda. Try it . . . and *see* the difference.

* * *

Get TEEL—today—at any drug, department or 5 and 10¢ store . . .

8 in 10 You May Risk Getting 'em

See that cavity in the tooth at the left? It's NOT decay or erosion! That cavity was caused by daily scouring. Dental clinic studies have shown that *over half of all adults examined* had these cavities—and *more than 8 in 10 risked getting them*—cavities ground into the softer tooth structure exposed by receding gums.

* * *

BUT—extensive laboratory tests show this: TEETH CLEANED WITH TEEL ARE PROTECTED FROM SUCH CAVITIES . . . BECAUSE TEEL CONTAINS NO SCOURING ABRASIVES. MOREOVER, TEEL IS THE ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT GIVES YOU THIS PROTECTION.

Teel LIQUID DENTIFRICE **protects teeth** *Beautifully!*

There's beauty in every drop!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!

2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an *extra* minute.

THIS CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH—SAFELY

NOW They TELL Us: the Princess Was a Man

Ruins at Sakkara, Egypt, Where Archeologists Unearthed the Mummified Body of Princess Khenthaws Who Lived as a Woman But Is Now Believed to Have Been a Man.

THE tombs of ancient Egypt, oases for the archeologists who thirst after knowledge of a world long dead, have yielded a new mystery—the bizarre enigma of Princess Khenthaws, who died 4,000 years ago.

For 40 years or more, the Princess presided over the royal household as a woman. And for centuries after her death she slept in mummy's robes as such. But was she?

Today's best opinion is that Khenthaws was a man, even as Elizabeth of England may have been—although she reigned as Queen for 44 years.

Princess Khenthaws belonged to that period in Egyptian history when culture was dawning, when the pyramids were being reared stone on stone at Sakkara and the people were emerging from the era of paleolithic tools of flint and chert.

It was more than 2,000 years before Cleopatra dallied in the arms of Mark Antony as her galleon nuzzled along the banks of the Nile.

No man knows why Khenthaws posed as a woman, if indeed she was a man. Perhaps it was for reasons of state or religious superstition.

Whatever the reason, there is adequate evidence to indicate the Princess was a man. When scientists opened the tomb of whitewashed rock and brick they came upon objects that only a man would use—a large bow, flint-tipped arrows, boomerangs and a walking stick.

The plaster mask that covered the mummy's face represented that of a woman. All inscriptions bore the name of the Princess. But when the archeologists unwound the cloth that encased the body they beheld a mummy with the bones and the build of a short, 40-year-old man. It was quite apparent, too, that the tomb had not been violated and robbed, as so many have been by looters in search of treasure. So the scientists could conclude only that Princess Khenthaws perpetrated a fraud in the dark days of ancient Egypt unpierced by the light of today.

Zaki Saad Effendi, who directed the excavations with funds provided by King Farouk of Egypt, had an idea of his own about the discovery.

"It is possible," he said, "that Khenthaws was one of those pathological cases which modern surgery can treat to restore a male character. The Princess may have remained all her life an unrecognized man, hiding cunningly and successfully her true sex from all except palace intimates."

The Princess' Tomb Contained the Trappings Usually Buried With a Man, But Her Sarcophagus Was Typical of a Woman.

England's Elizabeth, last of the Tudors, is more a mystery even though she lived less than 400 years ago, one-tenth as long ago as the time when Khenthaws walked the sands of Egypt. The recurring speculation that Elizabeth was a man might be settled for all time by examination of her bones. But nobody has dared disturb their royal resting place in Westminster Abbey.

Delvers into dark phases of history contend that the ruler who reigned as Elizabeth was not even of royal blood, that she was a boy substituted in adolescence by her governess and that the real Elizabeth lies in a stone coffin at Overcourt Manor, near the village of Bisley in the west of England.

The story goes that in 1543, when Elizabeth was ten, she was sent by her father, Henry VIII, to live at Overcourt Manor in care of her governess, Mistress Ashley. That was to get her away from plague-ridden London.

Some months later King Henry sent word he was going to visit with his daughter. Meanwhile, Elizabeth fell ill with a fever and died shortly before the King's scheduled arrival.

Mistress Ashley, some historians say, was in a frenzy of despair. She feared for her head, as well she might, for Henry had sent many a subject to the chopping block, including Elizabeth's mother, Anne Boleyn. So she conceived the notion of finding another child to pass as Elizabeth.

Her eyes fell upon Edward Neville, son of a local well-to-do family, and she decided he would be the one. That, of course, necessitated intrigue, which began with an invitation to the boy to visit the manor. The fact that he had been a playmate of Elizabeth's made such an invitation natural.

The next step was to dispose of Elizabeth's body before Henry reached the manor. So it was given out that Edward Neville, once he was within the household, had died. With that established around the countryside, the scheming governess contrived a way to get rid of the dead Elizabeth surreptitiously and speedily.

For that deed she needed help. So she took Thomas Parry into her confidence, the story goes, and together, in the still of night, they opened the great coffin on the grounds and laid the young Princess inside.

Edward then was dressed in Elizabeth's frocks and drilled in the mannerisms of a girl.

He was cautioned to play the part of a Princess and never forget, with great honor as the reward of success and dire punishment as the price of failure.

By the time Henry arrived the boy was skillful enough in his role to carry out the masquerade without arousing suspicion.

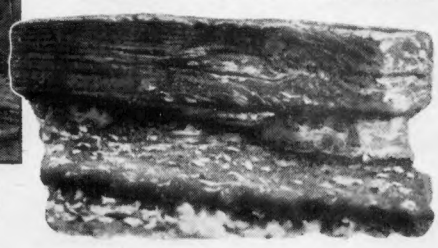
There is this somewhat flimsy historic evidence to support the theory that Elizabeth was a man.

She never married. She never permitted physicians to examine her, even when she lay ill. She remained constant and gave favor to Mistress Ashley and Thomas Parry.

In her "Lives of the Queens of England," Agnes Strickland brought up the possibility this way:

"The Queen's generosity to Parry naturally induces a suspicion that secrets of great moment had been confided to him—secrets that probably would have touched not only the maiden name of his royal mistress but placed her life in jeopardy."

Who knows? It could have happened to Khenthaws of Egypt, too.



Queen Elizabeth's Masculine Characteristics Are Obvious in Paul Delaroche's Painting of Her Deathbed. And Right—the Rude Coffin Supposed to Contain the Real Elizabeth's Body.

Preserved for Posterity: Lord Ashbourne's Anti-Axis Shillalah

Mussolini, Wearing a Nose Plaster Over the Wound Made by the Hon. Violet's Humanitarian Bullet.

Lord Ashbourne With the Walking Stick That Walked Out on the Nazis.

Gestapo Agents Trailed and Commandeered His Lordship's Suspect Shillalah, But They Couldn't Hold Onto It.

The Hon. Violet Gibson, Lord Ashbourne's Sister, Who Also Got in the Hair of the Axis.

By PATRICK MAHONY

CONFISCATED by the Nazis in Paris, the famous shillalah of late spectacular Lord Ashbourne has turned up in London in the hands of a refugee from Occupied France.

Its new owner swears it's the original blackthorn walking stick, which was a blackthorn in the flesh of Hitler's supermen. But more interesting than its reappearance is the eyewitness story—now going the rounds—of what happened when the Germans appropriated it.

The shillalah was as well known as Lord Ashbourne himself. He had carried it for decades. A symbol of his independence, of his intense devotion to Gaelic customs and Gaelic speech, it has now become a symbol of the independence of all those stout-hearted people in France who refuse to truckle to the New Order.

Oddly enough, its owner was not the first member of his family to plague the Axis—or, at least, what was later to become the Axis.

Back in 1926, his sister, the Hon. Violet Gibson, a quiet, unassuming sort of a girl, pulled a gun on Mussolini and came within an ace of nipping his career in the proverbial bud.

As it was, all her bullet nipped was the bridge of his would-be Roman nose.

Punished and generally criticized at the time, she is now credited with having had rare foresight.

Her brother's only comment on the affair was laconic in the extreme.

"I always said Violet would get into mischief," he remarked tersely, "if we didn't marry her off to somebody."

Married himself to a French woman and living at Compiegne, site of the famous railroad car in which the ignominious terms of French surrender were signed, Lord Ashbourne usually appeared every Sunday on the fashionable Avenue du Bois, attired in a tam, a saffron cape and yellow kilt, the ancient dress he urged all Irishmen to wear.

And he always carried his shillalah.

Not the man to let his personal habits be interfered with by a little thing like the fall of a country, he continued these promenades, dressed as usual, after the Germans had moved in.

Now he attracted more attention than before, since it was against regulations to carry anything even resembling a weapon.

That famous shillalah was a slap at German morale, an insult to German discipline.

However, the conquerors were aware that his Lordship was a loyal citizen of Eire, and Eire was neutral. So they approached him gingerly.

They had his dossier, of course, but through some oversight it failed to state that though he spoke French fluently, he had the contrary habit of speaking it only in Ireland, and though he spoke Gaelic fluently he used that only in France or England. English he never spoke at all.

So, when a Gestapo emissary arrived at his home and asked the Irish butler if his master spoke French, the butler replied, "Yes, if you speak it in Gaelic."

Which was as far as the first interview went.

His Lordship was still chuckling when another Nazi, this one profusely bemedaled, with a paunch that rivaled Goering's, called upon him.

Ashbourne received him with punctilious Irish politeness and asked him, in Gaelic, to state his errand.

Throughout the ensuing colloquy the butler interpreted.

Finally it was made clear that the Third Reich was confiscating the walking stick, on the grounds that "its use might be an invitation to others to imitate the noble lord's example."

Ashbourne, who understood every word but appeared to be following the questions and answers with difficulty, kept his eyes focused on the beer-barrel stomach of his distinguished guest. He muttered something—still in Gaelic—under his breath.

"What does he say?" demanded the puzzled and paunchy Nazi.

"His Lordship thinks you should see a diet specialist," replied the butler solemnly.

The Hun reddened, clenched a fat fist and stumbled to his feet. The peer rose politely with him and courteously handed the knobby stick into custody.

"My walking stick and your walking papers," he said, unsmiling, in Gaelic.

The visitor did not again request an interpretation. He just took his prize and went.

So the Nazis had the suspect shillalah—for a while—but the laurels of the encounter went to Lord Ashbourne.

This anecdote will help to keep his memory green, but it is only one of many amusing stories about him.

A graduate of Harrow and Oxford, he early developed a violent dislike of the English language. During his maiden speech in the House of Lords in 1918, he declared that it was intolerable to have to speak in an alien tongue and thereupon continued in Gaelic.

He tried hard to discourage the use of English in Ireland, asserting that it deformed the mouth and produced thin lips.

He was equally vigorous—and, on the whole, unsuccessful—in his efforts to persuade his countrymen to revert to the ancient national kilt, a costume which he himself once had the audacity to wear to a widely coveted royal audience.

He was ejected.

His violent nationalism won him notoriety, but it was nothing to the notoriety that fell to his sister, after her attempt on Mussolini.

She was called mentally deranged at the time, but subsequent international events would seem to have exploded that theory.

Now that Lord Ashbourne's shillalah has found its way home, following its owner's peaceful death in Compiegne, it will probably take its place among the family treasures of the present Lord, a commander in the Royal Navy.

And it might be a good idea if he put Aunt Violet's pistol right beside it in a glass case.

The Gang's All Here—Again

By J. Edgar Hoover and Frederick L. Collins

Drivers of Trucks Loaded With Rationed or Scarce Commodities Ride With Fear in Their Hearts, Never Knowing When They Will Run Into a Hijackers' Ambush and a Nervous Trigger Finger Trade a Lethal Bullet for Their Cargo.

Some Old Rackets of the Dry Era Have Been Resurrected by Scarcities, J. Edgar Hoover Discloses, and in Frank, Unvarnished Words Tells Us What We and Our Children, and the FBI Are Up Against

No. 1—Muscle Men '44 Model

YES, they're here again.

Not all of them, of course. Some of the hoodlums who terrorized the Thirties reside permanently, we hope, in Atlanta, Leavenworth and Alcatraz. But those who managed to escape with short sentences or to get paroled too quickly from long ones are responding to the call of wartime scarcity as they did to that of peacetime prohibition—with hijackings, gun battles and death.

But with variations.

The thugs of Gang Era I were concerned with only one article of merchandise. The new thuggery "muscles in" on everything which is rationed or in which there is a temporary shortage.

The chance for new rackets is, therefore, virtually unlimited. The result is an all-over, continually changing, kaleidoscopic crime picture, beside which the gangster situation of the early Thirties was as simple as the simplest quiz program.

Variations in method, too.

The manpower shortage frequently enables crooks to by-pass the old-fashioned hijacking operation of prohibition days.

For example, transportation companies are so desperate for help that if a man calls on the phone, applies for a job, references, in some instances, are not asked or given.

The new driver takes out the waiting truck. It never comes back. Neither does he. At least, the load—sometimes a tidy $25,000 or $30,000 worth of rationed merchandise—doesn't come back because, long before suspicion is aroused, it is miles away in some secret gangster "drop."

A principal in one such case, recently uncovered by special agents of the Bureau working with police of Dallas, Texas, proved to be a former associate of the late notorious Southwestern outlaw, Clyde Barrow, who, with his girl friend, Bonnie Parker, is known to have committed 11 murders, six attempted murders, six kidnapings, and innumerable hold-ups, bank robberies and automobile thefts.

In two years of living by the gun, Barrow and his cigar-smoking, straight-shooting Bonnie shot down anybody and everybody who crossed their path of crime. Innocent storekeepers as well as man-hunting peace officers were among their victims.

Today's liquor hijackings naturally get the biggest headlines. They are so reminiscent of an era we hoped was past. And it is true that many of the old-timers, especially the muscle men, have drifted back into the "silky" trade, made suddenly profitable again by the whiskey shortage—and they are still playing their old games under their old rules.

In the famous New York hijacking case, which everybody has read about—it involved $100,000—the leader was an old henchman of Dutch Schultz, three of his assistants were convicted crooks out on parole, and the fourth had a police record running back to 1933.

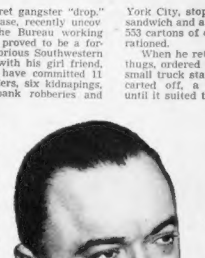
The old gang, all right; and the old methods; and the old result, all over again: the FBI got them.

So active have these hijacking gangs become of late that drivers of trucks loaded with any kind of rationed or scarce commodities ride with fear in their hearts.

They never know when some nervous hand is going to pull a trigger and send a slug of lead tearing into their hides, or when some ruthless hand is going to gag them and bind them and throw them into a ditch to die.

For example, not so long ago a driver who had just emerged with his truck from the Holland Tunnel at New York City, stopped on the New Jersey side for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. His truck contained 553 cartons of coffee, and at that time coffee was rationed.

When he returned, he was set upon by several thugs, ordered to keep quiet, pushed into another small truck standing near by, gagged, bound, and carted off, a revolver jammed into his side, until it suited the bandits' pleasure to let him go.



Director J. Edgar Hoover, Leader in the Fight Against the New Threat to the Home Front.

Not all these new-type adaptations of old-type crimes are committed in metropolitan areas. A truck loaded with 233 cases of cigarets and miscellaneous freight worth $15,000 to $18,000 was hijacked by unidentified individuals at Hampton, N. H. The empty truck was later located at Saugus, Mass.

The body of the driver had been bound and gagged and left in a sand pit six miles from the scene of the robbery.

In virtually every case drivers are blindfolded. A favorite method is to use sun-glasses over dark tape. Often they are thrown into the back of their own truck after it has been emptied—bound, gagged and locked in.

The revolver, easy to conceal, is the hijacker's favorite weapon, although one victim in Mississippi said he took orders from a six-foot, four-inch bandit whose shotgun added authority to his words.

These strong-arm tactics follow a familiar pattern. They are obviously directed, if not always executed, by post-graduate students of the Capone-Karpis-Barker school.

It took us a couple of years to run down Alvin Karpis, but that was in 1936. It didn't take us long last year to catch Roger Touhy and Basil Banghart after their escape from the Illinois Stateville Prison; and during their brief weeks out of jail their haunts and probable contacts were watched so closely that they could neither resume their careers of crime nor enjoy their so-called liberty.

As one commentator said, "life was just like prison—except that it was riskier."

Bonnie Parker, 2-Gun WOMAN of the Terrible '30s.

It is the new crook with new ways and in new lines of business and the old crook who has "risen" from bootlegging to racketeering in legitimate industries who are likely to give us most trouble in the new emergency. The latter group are especially dangerous because so many of them are already entrenched.

You read the papers. You know how long and hard a fight it was to get those "boys from Chicago" in the so-called Bioff-Browne movie shakedown case. Six of the seven defendants stemmed back to Al Capone's beer-running, massacring days. One of them was the brother of the man who married Al's sister, Mafalda.

But neither he nor any of the seven are in the rum-running racket any more. They are too smart for that. They are in "legitimate" business now—or were until they got maximum sentences from a Federal Court.

Bioff was a picturesque character of the American scene. For years he occupied an enviable financial position as West Coast representative of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employes, the while sucking more than a million dollars out of the movie industry by threat of strikes and violence.

In 1941, Bioff was convicted in Federal Court in New York City and sentenced to ten years for extortion. Only last year he returned to the same court after two years in prison, that time as a witness against the seven old-timers.

Bioff's testimony gave a first-hand account of how mobs operate. He told, somewhat nervously, about the time "the Chicago syndicate" decided to have a helping of the gravy. A meeting was arranged in a Chicago hotel with the late Frank Rio, ex-lieutenant of Al Capone, who said his boys wanted a 50 per cent cut of the extortion profits.

"He demanded the cut—or else," Bioff said, "and I understood what 'or else' meant."

Thereupon the deal was consummated without further ado.

Bioff and the others didn't get away with it. Our special agents caught them before their Big Moment arrived—the moment, so Bioff boasted, when they would move right in and take over the whole motion picture industry.

But it is frightening to think what boring-from-within opportunities men like them have in other businesses now that the bootlegging blight, because of war necessity, has fallen on everything we eat or wear or use.

As a matter of fact, many of the scarcity-leggers, as distinguished from the prohibition ones, do come from within the industries on which they prey.

As these words are written, the Washington newspapers carry a story of a truck loaded with sheets, pillow cases, bedspreads and towels, en route from a mill in North Carolina to Philadelphia, the driver of which seems to have decided to go into business for himself in the capital city.

The reporters foresee a "white market." Maybe they are right at that: word has just come over the wire that the law has caught up with two truckloads of woolens in Philadelphia. Some of these peculations start as individual rackets, but they don't stay that way long.

Not long ago, chickens began to disappear on New Jersey roads between shippers and consignees. Drivers began by paying for meals with chickens. Soon they were selling as many as 30,000 chicks to one customer. Poultry firms in Elizabeth and Philadelphia reported losses of $500,000 in 18 months.

The not-yet-finished Detroit case known as "The Great Ford Robbery" may have started in the same way, through the falling from grace of one or more drivers. Investigation, however, by Detroit officers working in close cooperation with special agents of the FBI, soon discovered that an organized band of Ford employes driving Ford trucks, and working with "fences" in Detroit and New York, were taking out of Ford plants an estimated $5,000,000 a year in stolen automobile parts.

Sometimes the owners of businesses themselves turn hijackers and legsters. Benjamin Sommerstein, a furrier, got away with two hijackings, one in New York City and one in Brooklyn, which netted him about $25,000 in the commodities in which he dealt, and would have gotten away with another $16,000 haul in Pennsylvania if he hadn't made the mistake of crossing a state line with two kidnaped truckers and merchandise stolen from an interstate shipment.

This oversight brought him within the investigative jurisdiction of the FBI, and what he got was six years. This crook, only 28 and a dark-haired wisp of a man weighing 128 pounds, organized his own gang of hired thugs, paid them so much per job, and kept the profits himself.

As co-owner of the Arlene Fur Company he was able to mix the stolen furs with legitimately obtained ones, and make up the combined lot into garments very difficult to trace.

The possibility of enhanced black market profits by using this manufacturing device is almost unbelievable.

Not long ago, owners of a shipment of nylon yarn were unable to account for the disappearance of 13 cases consigned from Martinsville, Va., to Winston-Salem, N. C.

The FBI investigated and found that the yarn had been manufactured into hosiery, neatly packed three pairs to a box, sizes 9½ and 10. The value of the original yarn shipment was $1,000. The value of the manufactured stocking shipment was, on the legitimate retail market, approximately $25,000, on the black market approximately $100,000.

This, we submit, is a process of fraudulent enrichment which makes the process of "cutting" liquor, so deplored in Gang Era I, seem like very conservative business indeed.

The gangs that commit these outrages, for which the consumer must ultimately pay out of his own pocket, are a law-enforcement problem right now chiefly because of their hijacking activities. But law-abiding citizens know from costly experience that such ruthless organizations, once formed, extend their operations, power and influence into many fields and become increasingly brazen in their disregard of law, order and human rights.

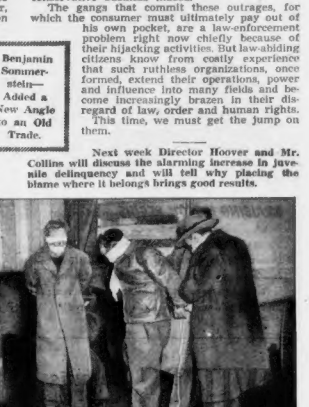
This time, we must get the jump on them.

Next week Director Hoover and Mr. Collins will discuss the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency and will tell why placing the blame where it belongs brings good results.

Not Yesterday But TODAY—The Body of This Kansas City Ex-Bootlegger and Underworld Character Offers Mute Testimony That the Old "Gangster Ride" Is Still Fashionable.

Willie Bioff, the "Chicago Punk Grown Up," Boasted He'd "Take Over the Whole Movie Industry" But the FBI Changed His Mind.

Benjamin Sommerstein—Added a New Angle to an Old Trade.



Agents of the FBI Removing Adhesive Gags and Blindfolds From the 2-Man Crew of a Hijacked Liquor Truck.

THE BRIDE LEARNS *BRAISING*

AUNTIE SUE ESCORTS Judy the bride to market. Judy needs coaching on how to make the most of her meat stamps. Not enough of 'em to buy just steaks and roasts (all she knows how to cook), and Mac works so hard at the munitions plant . . . he needs the fine proteins of nutritious meat for dinner.

A GRAND BUY! Point-saving shoulder chops of *Swift's Premium* Veal! No extra points for Swift's Premium quality, and Auntie Sue says shoulder chops are delicious if properly cooked, by braising. "Furthermore," says wonderful Auntie Sue, "I'll come over later on and show you how to braise."

JUDY KNOWS FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM. Meat drippings should be strained and every possible use made of them for flavor and food value. What's left should be turned in because fats are badly needed to make explosives. Dealer pays Judy both points and cash for the pound that she's brought along.

BRAISING LESSON BEGINS in late afternoon. "First, season the chops and dredge them with flour," directs Auntie Sue. "Next, brown the chops on both sides in a little hot fat. Then you add a small amount of liquid, if it is necessary. It *is* necessary with veal; and you add more when it cooks away."

"COOK COVERED in heavy kettle or frying pan over low heat until tender. For chops, that will take about 45 minutes to an hour. Because veal has little fat, it is best cooked by moist heat; broiling and frying are not recommended. Braising is also the best way to cook many cuts of beef and lamb as well as veal."

"DEE-LICIOUS" is the verdict on braised shoulder chops served with broccoli and carrots. "Be sure," cautions Auntie Sue, "to get *Swift's Premium* or *Swift's Select* Veal whenever you can. Those brand names always give you tender, fine-flavored veal. And it's Saniseal-Wrapt to keep it fresh and juicy."

SWIFT'S BRANDS OF VEAL

Swift's Premium · Swift's Select

VEAL SUPPLIES HIGH-QUALITY PROTEINS, B VITAMINS, MINERALS

Rib chops like these, shoulder chops like those shown above, and other cuts of veal carry Swift's identifying brands. *Under wartime conditions, Swift's brands may not always be available but they remain your best guide to quality. So ask your dealer for them.*

Vengeance of the "Millionaire Mendicant"

When Thibaut Refused to Repay the Loan, Marius Dechenaux Was Reduced to Picking Rags in Paris' Meanest Slums and Meditating on His Wrongs.

By LOWELL MORRILL
Former Paris Correspondent

NO VAGABOND is better known in Paris than Marius Dechenaux, the "Millionaire Mendicant," who used to be one of the most carefree playboys of the French Riviera, but for quite a while has been begging for his bread and sleeping on the bare ground.

Ruined by gambling, his ruling passion, he finally reached the lowest depths of wretchedness. Shunning the days, he spent his nights, like a phantom, haunting the sordid streets of the Quartier Maubert, the city's worst slum—mumbling and muttering to himself, as he upbraided Fate for reducing him to such a sorry plight.

But the other night, according to word just received from Paris, his familiar figure—spectre-thin and profusely patched—was missing from its customary haunts. The "Millionaire Mendicant" was pacing up and down in a prison cell.

What crime had he committed? In a passage of the Tolbiac subway station he had tried to murder an old man named Thibaut, stabbing him six times in the stomach with a poniard he had purchased for a few sous in the "Flea Market" near the Place Maubert.

Having knifed his victim, Marius promptly gave himself up to the police and took delight in telling them how he detested Thibaut.

His deadly hatred of Thibaut dates back a dozen years when, surrounded by the glaring brilliance of a fortune made at Hanoi, Tonkin, he scattered gold in the casinos of the Cote d'Azur with princely prodigality.

At Monte Carlo, he became the boon companion of Thibaut, a manufacturer down on his luck, and when the latter asked him for a loan one day in order to establish his son in business, Marius handed him 250,000 francs, assuring his new-found friend that he was in no hurry to be paid.

During the next decade Dechenaux continued to worship at the shrines of the Goddess of Chance, but that capricious deity eventually reduced him to abject poverty.

So Marius begged Thibaut to pay back the money he owed him, but the septuagenarian said he was not responsible for his son's debt and refused to reimburse him.

Down and out, Dechenaux drifted about like a derelict. In Mentone he became a dishwasher, in Nice a vendor of old bottles, in Toulon a gleaner of the gutters, in Marseille a rat-catcher.

On losing his last job, he found refuge in the famous hospice founded by the Freres de Saint Jean de Dieu in the heart of Marseille.

Trailing the Man Who Had Wronged Him Into the Subway, Dechenaux Exacted Vengeance With His Cheap Knife.

Monte Carlo's Exclusive Salon Prive Where Dechenaux Lost His Fortune and Unthinkingly Loaned the 250,000 Francs That Almost Made Him a Murderer.

In this retreat for the homeless he made the acquaintance of another hero of mischance, the well-known etcher, Alex Wag, who, like himself, had lost all of his wealth in gambling establishments.

There he also made friends with a frowzy fellow, nicknamed "Joli Coeur," who had won renown at the beginning of the century as a cabaret singer, amassed a million, squandered it on demi-mondaines and finally found himself on the street without a sou.

Then discovering that his welcome at the hospice was as worn out as his clothes, Marius peddled papers in the port to keep from starving, until he learned one day that the Industrialist, Thibaut, had quit the Cote d'Azur to live in Paris with his family.

Feeling deeply wronged and furiously revengeful, Marius determined to follow Thibaut. In five months he trudged from Marseille to Paris, begging his bread from town to town, sleeping on doorsteps or in ditches.

Paris has no spot more desperately gloomy than the Quartier Maubert, and it was there, among indescribably dirty rogues and vagrants, that he found work as a ragpicker.

Finding nothing good in life but what made him forget it, Marius spent most of the sous he gained as a ragpicker at Guignard's wine shop, a rendezvous of rascaldom, whence recruits are drawn for those branches of human activity leading to the prison and the guillotine.

There, as at Marseille, he fell in with two former millionaires, who looked on him with favor—Georges Pluchard, once a wine merchant worth 3,000,000 francs but now a vagabond, and Denis Dandin, former dandy and gamester, who had adopted the calling of deadbeat.

The latter, who had dropped a million at Deauville, wore clothes clotted with filth and falling to pieces, carried a cane, and walked barefooted on the boulevards, where he was often seen, surrounded by street gamins.

Meanwhile Marius never forgot why he had come to Paris—whether he roved the streets in quest of rubbish or caroused at Guignard's.

One day, on learning where his enemy lived, he went to see him, hoping Thibaut would feel sorry for him and pay back the debt. But, waxing indignant, the industrialist told the beggar to get out, calling him a blackmailer and threatening him with the police if bothered again.

Dechenaux had staked all of his hopes upon this interview, and lost. In his calendar of woe there was no day so black as that. He tottered back to the Place Maubert with bent back and limp legs.

Such misery as he endured has driven many men to suicide, but Marius, as he wandered after dark beside the Seine, did not dream for a moment of putting an end to his sorrow, of drinking annihilation in the river.

Consumed by his hatred of Thibaut, to whom he unreasonably attributed his downfall, the mendicant was seized with an irresistible desire to murder the manufacturer, and the next day bought a "vendetta" knife.

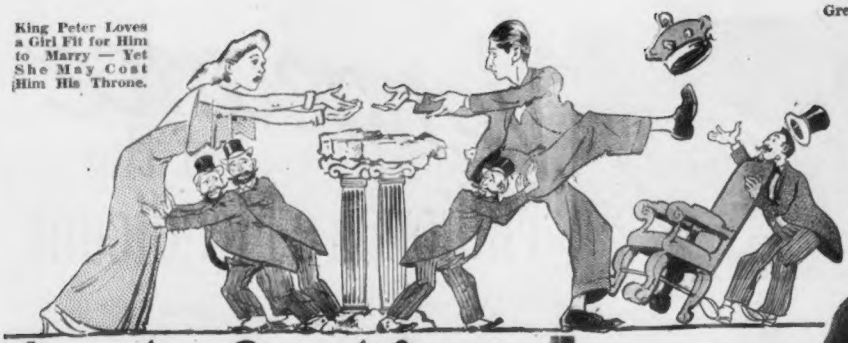
In pursuance of a fixed determination to assassinate his former friend, he followed him one evening as he entered the Tolbiac subway station and, before terrified bystanders, fell upon him like a wild beast.

Despite six knife wounds in the abdomen, Thibaut lived to start a lawsuit against Dechenaux, in which he asked for justice and for damages amounting to a quarter of a million francs—the sum he borrowed from Marius and never returned.

The case, which comes up next month in the Seine Assizes, will be followed with much interest by Parisians, who are inclined to pity the ex-millionaire, and who believe his victim, after the trial, will be in a position to appreciate the truth of the saying:

"Sue a beggar, catch a louse."

King Peter Loves a Girl Fit for Him to Marry — Yet She May Cost Him His Throne.



Greek Princess Alexandra Has Always Been the Girl in Peter's Time, Place and Girl Theme Song.

Another Royal Crown Kicked Away for Love

CONNOISSEURS of such items can recite a long list of monarchs who tossed their crowns away for love.

Usually they fell in love with the wrong girl. That is because any commoner would be wrong.

Among recent throne-tossers-away, the Duke of Windsor did it once, Carol of Rumania twice, and now 20-year-old King Peter of Yugoslavia not only joins them but breaks all records in his class.

He actually fell in love with the right girl.

Only his timing was bad.

When the German hordes overran his Balkan kingdom, Peter had to choose between remaining as a Quisling King on a throne supported by the enemy's bayonets or of fleeing, to work for his country's freedom from the outside.

He did the right thing, escaping with the loyal members of his cabinet to Cairo, Egypt, where among all the many new wartime troubles, that chronic love-headache loomed worst of all.

Within his palace at Belgrade there had been a guard consisting of servants whose first duty lay in preventing any adventuress, with eyes aflame, from turning them on the bachelor boy-King.

He was as well chaperoned as any convent maiden.

At Cairo, living in a hotel suite, it was different. Ladies could catch his eye in the lobby, smile sweetly, and contrive to start a conversation with him while riding in the elevator.

When the war-harassed cabinet learned that some of these pretty minxes were probably financed by Axis interests, they decided that the land where Cleopatra had vamped a hard and bald-headed Caesar was no place for a nice Royal boy.

Young King Peter II, Pretty Busy These Days With the War, Romance and His Studies at Oxford.

So they shipped him to England. There he might be bombed, but at least Axis vamps would have little chance to work on him.

Only guaranteed 100 per cent "nice" people would come in contact with him, not only because of his rank but because of his family connection with the late Duke of Kent.

Then, too, Peter already had friends in England—friends he had made when he was a student as a boy just before his recall to his homeland when his father, King Alexander, was assassinated.

England would be safe then, so far as the quality of social contacts was concerned. But for matters matrimonial, the situation was different.

It was the boy's duty and destiny to marry Royalty whether he liked it or not, and it would be nice if he could marry into the English Royal Family. But they, alas, are a bit too "big time" for a Balkan kinglet.

When he entered Oxford the other students had photographs of sisters and sweethearts, some of whom Peter thought might be nice to meet. The girls thought so, too, and sent him a flood of invitations. All these had to be investigated to make sure that the hostess would not permit any romantic incidents.

This job was one of the routine chores of the Yugoslav Cabinet, by that time transferred to London, which one day roared in astonished merriment at a name Peter had submitted.

Peter had asked to meet Princess Alexandra, of Greece, 22-year-old niece of the Greek King. She was pretty, which did not matter; good, which was somewhat important, but above all, she was just the right grade of Royalty to match Peter's, and an ideal political hook-up with his next-door Balkan state. This nice, little Princess was just about what they hankered to force on the boy as his Queen, and here he was asking for it! The idea was as funny as for a child to ask permission to wash behind its ears.

Nobody dared hope that anything would come of it. But at least neither could get into trouble while they were together. And the miracle came to pass that they fell as ardently in love as any peasant boy and girl.

And then there proved to be exceptions to the rules that all the world loves a lover and that a King can do no wrong. The Yugoslav Underground rumbled and gave forth a vehement veto.

"With his people being starved and murdered, our King should not be thinking of romance, only of getting us help," they said, and Peter's cabinet listened.

The trouble was that young King Peter's Chetnik guerillas, under General Drazha Mihailovitch, were making a poor showing as compared with their rival army, Marshal Tito's Partisans, who were not only doing most of the fighting against the Germans but seemed equally eager to get rid of Peter's dynasty.

In this delicate situation the cabinet, headed then by M. Yovanovitch, knew there was only one thing to do—forbid the banns. But on what grounds? They couldn't come right out and tell the truth; diplomats never do that if they can help it.

So what could be the pretext for forbidding the marriage? Their minds, trained in deviousness, went to work, and then the cabinet came up with this startling reason:

Alexandra was two years older than Peter! Two whole years; obviously such a union just wouldn't do. And the Greek King said so, too.

In his darkest hour came temptation to heart-broken Peter. There were other Yugoslav politicians in exile, and some of these promised Peter that if he would dismiss his unromantic cabinet and give them their places they would approve and announce the troth.

King Peter took the suggestion; the new cabinet, once more back in Cairo, kept its promise, and true love resumed its course.

But Peter and Alexandra are destined to sit on nothing better than common chairs and to wear common hats and bonnets, just like the rest of the common herd.

For the new cabinet couldn't deliver the vote, as we say in the United States. When the Chetniks heard the news, for the first time since the Nazis had invaded their country, they joined with the Partisans in one gigantic Underground roar:

"Necemo ih mi!"

Which is to say, in non-partisan American, "No dice!"

The Tough Yugoslav Guerillas Won't Let Their King Marry.

The "Handie-Talkie" is a complete and marvelously efficient two-way radio communications system. It operates as easily as your telephone. You talk and you listen. It weighs slightly more than five pounds and is the smallest radio transceiver in the Army. It is no larger than a cookie carton and is designed and built with the precision of a fine pocket watch.

Motorola Engineers were famous in peacetime for radio that delivered peak performance under conditions which were often too difficult for ordinary equipment. The now famous "Handie-Talkie" was pioneered and developed exclusively by Motorola Electronics Engineers.

When you see and hear the word "Electronics"... remember that the radio receivers in your home and in your car are Electronic instruments. Though we cannot tell you what the first Post-War Motorola Radios will look like... you may be sure that they'll deliver as always.

Motorola RADIO
FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dr. Taborda's Sword Finished What His Pen Began.

When Dr. Taborda Fought His Successful Duel in 1942 He Resorted to Secrecy to Outwit the Argentinian Law; Baron di Brolo, as the Poster (Left) Shows, Is Resorting to Ballyhoo.

Hurry! 50¢ to See the Big Duel—Maybe!

By CHARLES ROBBINS

FOIL in hand, Baron Enrique Lancia di Brolo, former fencing champion of the world, stood rigidly at attention, facing the wall.

Staring him in the eye was an identical figure, also at attention.

Slowly the two raised their swords and went through the ritualistic motions of coming on guard. Crouched at last, foils aglitter, point to point, they fell to thrusting and parrying.

Grunts, muttered exclamations and the thud of feet orchestrated their duel, but not once was there the clash of steel upon steel.

In fact, there was no possibility of such a clash, for the second figure was only the Baron's reflection in a huge wall mirror.

Red in the face, both duellists at length lowered their blades and stood regarding each other with glances of mutual admiration.

"Senor," said the man of flesh and blood, "I salute you, the only gentleman in the entire Argentine whom I consider a worthy opponent!"

When he had left his native Italy to settle in this land, it had been one of the few tough countries in a namby pamby world. Today the shoe was on the other foot. It was the rest of the world now that was tough, Argentina soft.

Everywhere but here men were gloriously exterminating one another. Here they sat and talked. Even changes of government occurred with scarcely any bloodshed any more, even the gauchos were getting fat.

"What irony!" thought Baron di Brolo. "That a man of my kidney should find himself in such a country!"

And, so thinking, he sat down and wrote a letter to the newspaper Cabildo, stating that "there does not exist an Argentine with the courage, valor or skill to face me in a duel. Looking at the men, indeed, I would not be surprised if affairs of honor were soon settled by women, as has happened now and then in Europe."

Two days later the letter was published. Less than an hour after the paper was on the streets the Baron was called to the telephone.

Without preamble a hoarse voice demanded: "Remember me?"

"No."

"You dog! You vile cur! I, Aniceto Rodriguez, accept your villainous challenge!..."

The voice showed no sign of stopping but the Baron had stopped listening. He had banged down the receiver and flung himself at his desk.

Was he one to handy words like a fishwife with such as Aniceto Rodriguez, whom he remembered very well?

"No!" he growled and jabbed his pen into the inkwell. The impertinent and impudent swine should be answered with dignity and style.

The answer appeared a few weeks ago in Critica, leading Buenos Aires afternoon newspaper.

"At the point of his sword," it shouted from the first page, under an eight column headline, "Baron Enrique Lancia di Brolo will make Aniceto Rodriguez kneel before him in the ring!"

If this was a touche, it evoked an immediate riposte. Next afternoon the headlines of the same paper informed a gawking public that "Baron di Brolo's threats make me laugh. I, who in 1933 made him kneel before me."

The Baron did not fail to reply to this taunt, but his words were too hot for print.

Their gist was that, though it was true that he and Rodriguez, former champion fencer of South America, had fought in Luna Park 11 years ago, though the latter had at the time gashed him thrice to his once, nevertheless the whole affair had been too irregular, too lacking in protocol to be considered anything but a farce.

This time it would be different; this time the bargain-sale bravo, Rodriguez, was going to be taught his lesson, once and for all.

Meanwhile, the seconds of the two champions had already met, not only to choose weapons, locale and so on, but, even more important, to try to figure out some way of evading the Argentinian law which forbids dueling.

In the end they decided to hide the feud's serious nature behind a mask of ballyhoo. While agreeing privately that the contestants would fight to the death, or until one or the other cried quits, they began advertising the duel as a mere exhibition of skill.

"Coming soon!" read the posters in effect. "Great fencing match! Baron (Kid) Enrique Lancia di Brolo, former champion of the world, vs. Aniceto (Slapsy) Rodriguez, ex-champ of Latin-America. Admission two pesos (50 cents) in the bleachers, five pesos ringside."

The taint of commercialism, obvious in these ads, aroused criticism, but the bulk of the populace approved. And everywhere dueling became the great topic of the hour.

It was recalled that the last Argentine duel resulted in a fatality had occurred 47 years before, when a general had killed a newspaper writer.

And, of course, there was the famous case, only a couple of years ago, of the political commentator, Raoul DaMonte Taborda who, in a secret encounter, had hacked his way to victory over a swaggering lieutenant-colonel named Rottjer.

But what of the great duel, which had started all this talk? When was it going to be held?

No one knows, not even the heroes themselves.

Trouble is, they keep coming down with colds, any one of which, a trivial matter of fact, may incapacitate either of them for good, since both the Baron and his fiery challenger are 50 years old.

Emile Bayard's Famous Painting (Left) and the Case of Valy Earz (Above), Who Fought Another Woman Singer, May Have Inspired the Baron's Remarks About Dueling Women.

Velveeta main dishes to the rescue!

ESPECIALLY WHEN POINTS RUN LOW

½ lb. of Velveeta . . Hearty "Protein Dish" For Six!

Besides protein (*complete, high-quality protein!*) Velveeta helps supply food energy and important milk minerals. Also vitamin A and vitamin G which is riboflavin of the vitamin B-complex. Reasons *enough* for serving Velveeta dishes often, yet Velveeta's deliciously rich yet mild Cheddar cheese flavor is *another* good reason! And so is the low cost of dishes such as this Velveeta Fondue with Tomato Sauce:

In the top of a double boiler melt ½ lb. of Velveeta, sliced. Blend in ¾ cup of milk; remove from heat and cool. Combine with 3 beaten egg yolks, 1¼ cup soft bread crumbs, ½ teaspoon each of salt and dry mustard. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into 6 well-greased custard cups; place cups in a pan of hot water and bake 30 minutes, or until firm, in very moderate oven (325°). Unmold and serve with Tomato Sauce.

NOTE. If you sometimes can't get Velveeta don't blame your dealer. Millions of pounds of Cheddar cheese, from which Velveeta is made, are going to our fighters and allies!

Your Garden should be "growing" *now*

Right now **the plans for your Victory Garden should be shaping up . . . "growing" in your mind. This year every family must produce as much of its own food *as possible* . . . for our nation will need tremendous food supplies to make and hold a just, victorious peace. Plan now to plant a garden of the most nutritious vegetables. That will be good for your family . . . and a real service to your country!**

Velveeta's delicious Cheddar cheese flavor always gets 'em

For these carrot croquettes combine 2 cups mashed, cooked carrots, 1 cup fine cracker crumbs, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 teaspoons celery salt, seasoning to taste. Form into carrot-shaped croquettes; sauté, turning often until lightly browned. Arrange on chop plate with parsley sprig at top of each "carrot". Melt ½ lb. of Velveeta in the top of a double boiler. Gradually add ½ cup of milk, stirring until smooth. Serve a generous amount of this sauce over each carrot croquette. (Note how *smoothly* Velveeta melts; what rich flavor it adds!)

The World's Favorite Cheeses are made by **KRAFT**

Copr. 1944 by Kraft Cheese Co

Yale Mobilizes Its Science to Rehabilitate Drunkards

Parade of the Inebriates—Husbands With Overindulging Wives, Doctors With Patients, Court and Social Agency Officers With Habitual Offenders—All Sober, Wanting Help and Eager to Take the First Step on the Road to Usefulness.

By HOWARD W. HAGGARD
Director, Laboratory of Applied Physiology
Yale University

RECURRENT trips to jail for the poverty-stricken inebriate, recriminations and preaching at the well-heeled drunkard will soon be replaced in New Haven and Hartford by a trip to the clinic.

In each city, a diagnostic and guidance clinic will be opened in the near future, to be known as the Yale Plan Clinic, under the sponsorship of the Laboratory of Applied Physiology of Yale University and the Connecticut State Prison Association, where alcoholics, rich and poor alike will be offered scientific help in finding the road to rehabilitation.

No new "cure" for inebriety has been discovered; the clinics will approach the problem from the point of view that the alcoholic is a sick man and should be treated as such.

The alcoholic is a sick man. He is either led to his excessive drinking by a sickness of his personality or his personality has become disordered in the course of many years of heavy drinking.

Int'l

In Cases Where Heavy Drinking Is Found to Be Merely a Symptom of a Mental Disorder the Clinic's Only Possible Recommendation Is Commitment to a Hospital for Treatment.

Unless the alcoholic realizes that he is sick, and unless his friends and relatives, and the general public, realize that excessive drinking is a disease and not just "weakness" or "pure meanness," there is little hope for the rehabilitation of the alcoholic.

Threats and punishment, scandal and divorce do not cure the alcoholic; they may even drive him deeper into his habit. What he needs is help—physical and mental help—in solving the problems which have given him his disease.

Unfortunately, the popular belief that the alcoholic merely lacks strength of character has prevented his condition from receiving the medical interest and study it deserves.

The attitude toward the alcoholic and the whole question of alcoholism is much the same as was the attitude toward the mentally ill a century ago, when the insane were put in prisons, or whipped.

The Yale Plan clinics mark the abandonment of this archaic attitude and the beginning of a scientific clinical study of alcoholism and the devising of methods of control and rehabilitation.

From time to time the public hears that some "cure" has been found for excessive drinking. This is never true, for there is no specific remedy for helpless dependence upon alcohol, in the sense that there is a cure for diphtheria, or in the sense that there are definite means for controlling the consequences of diabetes.

There can be no cure for alcoholism. The treatment must be fitted to the cause.

There are, however, various ways and means by which the problem drinker can be helped to overcome his habit, provided always that he wants to be helped.

The ways and means used are as many as there are kinds of problem drinkers; there is no "medicine" which will cure the craving for alcohol nor is there some standard method which can be used in the treatment of any problem drinker.

The treatment of alcoholism is a major public health problem, and one which will certainly become even greater in the readjustment period which will follow the war.

Today there are probably 600,000 men and women in this country who need medical aid because of their excessive drinking. The rehabilitation of such a number is justified not only from a humanitarian point of view, but also on economic grounds.

While 600,000 seems like a large number, it is nevertheless true that only a small percentage of those who drink become alcoholics, and there are some 45 million people in this country who use alcoholic beverages. Out of every 1,000 users about 13 eventually become problem drinkers—that is, no more than 1.3 per cent.

Between one and a half and two million people drink heavily enough to be in danger of becoming problem drinkers. Wide dissemination of the scientific facts about the excessive use of alcohol and the reasons behind excessive drinking may help to prevent at least some of these people from continuing on their dangerous paths to alcoholic doom.

The 600,000 problem drinkers should not be thought of as a group of alike people. They are no more alike in their temperaments and personalities than a group of people who contracted typhoid fever would be. And, unlike typhoid fever, in alcoholism it is not the "germ" which must be treated but the man himself.

Just as all kinds of personalities are represented among problem drinkers, so are all social, economic and educational levels. The fact that most of the "common drunks" we see on the streets are from the lower economic levels does not mean that such people are more liable to become heavy drinkers; there are simply more people on this level.

The well-to-do produce an even greater proportion of inebriates, on a basis of population. We know, for instance, that about 20 per cent of those admitted to hospitals and sanitariums for mental disorders are able to afford the relatively high costs of private institutions, which means that they come from the upper income tracts.

The most familiar alcoholic is the "bum" on the dreary treadmill: he gets drunk, is arrested, sentenced to a few days in jail, released, gets drunk, is arrested—and so it goes. After a time, the sentences may grow longer, perhaps a few months.

But no matter how long he is in jail, he resumes his career of drunkenness as soon as he is freed. The jail sentence is definitely not a remedy for inebriety.

The "bums" clog up the jails and are a burden on the courts, the police, and the taxpayer. A solution to their problem is imperative.

Less well known to the general public are the inebriate playboy and the glamour girl, who do their too-heavy drinking in the comparative privacy of nightclubs, from which they are regularly carried home in taxis or in their own limousines. Only their closest cronies, or their maids and valets may know of their disease.

Even less exposed to the public eye is the business executive who drinks either in his exclusive club or at his private bar. His associates anxiously guard his secret and squelch whatever rumors may get out.

Nearly 200 years ago, the great Dr. Samuel Johnson—not an M.D., by the way—said: "In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence." Even then it was recognized that there is no single reason why people seek intoxication.

Spiritual Support and Companionship of the Courageous Group Known As Alcoholics Anonymous Who Themselves Have Overcome the Craving Will Be Recommended to Accomplish Recovery in Some Cases Where the Individual Patients Recognize That They Alone Are Unable to Accomplish Recovery.

All Branches of Psychology, Psychiatry and Sociology Have Combined in a New, Common Sense Approach to the Treatment of Problem Drinkers Who Really Want to Be Cured

One Method of Checking Excessive Social Drinking—An Aversion to Alcohol Is Created With Drugs, and Psychological Pressure is Applied to Make the Habit of Sobriety Stick.

alcohol can fulfill so many conditions that it can be taken for many reasons.

It may be baffled ambition, with a consequent disgust for the world and a desire to escape from it. A man may be a square peg in a round hole—and drink to escape himself.

Drunkenness seems to be a rather coarse and bestial pastime, but there are many highly sensitive souls among the excessive drinkers — people whose ideals are so much in conflict with the hard necessities of life that they have to drink themselves nearly into a stupor before they can tolerate existence.

The story of the genius who can produce only when under the influence of liquor is not new.

The great Edgar Allan Poe was one of these. Such people, despite their genius, suffer from an inner lack of self-confidence which bars them from productive work. Only when the barrier is removed by alcohol can they shed the fetters of self-critique and, feeling "on top of the world," produce the literature or art or music which was locked up inside themselves.

Alcohol does not create these things; it merely releases them, possibly in a less perfect form than some means of release other than alcohol might have given them. Alcohol does not stimulate genius. It puts to sleep the forces which have held it down.

Most people are not geniuses; they are led to excessive drinking by boredom, by frustration, by social problems, by economic difficulties and family troubles. But all the excessive drinkers, sooner or later, develop a common characteristic—that of damaged physical and mental health.

Deficiency diseases develop from improper nutrition, and all excessive drinkers fall victims to other ills because their bodies have lost their normal resistance. Their moral stamina is undermined.

They become unreliable, an increasing burden to their friends and relatives and to the community. They disrupt their families and expose their children to misery as well as to the example of intemperance.

When the alcoholic finally realizes that he cannot continue his injurious course of life, he seeks for ways and means by which he can drink without doing harm, or by which he can drink less and still satisfy his longing.

There are no such ways and means. For the inebriate there is only one way out, and that is never to drink again.

As a rule, it takes him long to realize this. And it takes even longer before he will admit to himself that he cannot achieve this without help from the outside.

No alcoholic can be helped who does not sincerely wish to be helped, and no alcoholic can be helped unless he knows he has to be helped toward total abstinence. But once he wishes help and knows he must have help, there is hope for his restoration, if he is given the right guidance and aid.

The Yale Plan clinics are intended to give this guidance and aid. All varieties of inebriates will come to the clinics.

The probation officer, under the direction of the police court judge, may bring in a bum whom the police are tired of arresting over and over.

The social agency may send an alcoholic who came to its attention by way of the Domestic Relations Court.

The Alcoholics Anonymous may find a case which defies their methods of treatment and refer it to the clinics. Physicians may refer patients.

Religious Experience Will Offer the Solution to Some Patients' Problems and the Clinic Will Refer Them to Ministers Experienced in Dealing With Such Matters.

A wife or a husband may send an erring s[illegible]. The personnel departments of industry may di[illegible] to the clinics the workers whose drinking is a constant problem.

The clinics cannot do much, if anything, for those who are dragged in unwillingly, but those who recognize their disease clearly enough to accept treatment will benefit.

When the inebriate enters the clinics (he must be sober, for these are not sober[illegible] hangover cures) he will be interviewed by a psychiatrist who will endeavor to discover the deeply hidden conflicts, disappointments, anxieties, disaffections or boredom which led him to the craving for intoxication.

Then social workers will endeavor to reconstruct the life history of the patient from records and sources including the family.

Psychologists will determine the picture of the abilities and limitations. A physician will give him a thorough physical examination.

The psychiatrist will then combine the [illegible] of all these examinations [illegible] give him a picture of the type of person or woman he has before him, the influences which contributed toward the excessive drinking, and the psychological resources and liabilities of the patient.

According to the total picture thus presented, he will determine the kind of treatment which promises the best prospects and successful results.

The treatment, of course, will depend on the temperament, personality, family and social situation of the patient. It will not be given by the clinics; the psychiatrist will recommend what treatment the patient should receive.

The clinics will, however, undertake to put the patient in contact with that kind of institution or person most suitable to carry out the treatment.

There may be some among those referred to the clinics who are found to have mental disorders in which heavy drinking is quite incidental. In such cases, treatment for the mental disorder in a state mental hospital is the only possible recommendation. They cannot be treated for drinking, since this is merely a symptom of the disease.

The psychiatrist may find in some individuals a certain readiness for religious experience. If such readiness is developed into its full possibilities the religious experience may offer the solution.

In a case of this sort, the patient may be referred by the clinics to a minister.

Occasionally a patient with a readiness for religious experience may be referred to that courageous group of men and women known as Alcoholics Anonymous.

These people have themselves been victims of the craving for intoxication and have helped one another to overcome the malady, and have recognized that they, by themselves, are unable to accomplish the recovery without spiritual support.

Those who have contracted the disease of inebriety through compliance with the customs of a hard-drinking social set, rather than through inner difficulties, may be referred to a physician skilled in what is known as the "aversion" or conditioned reflex treatment.

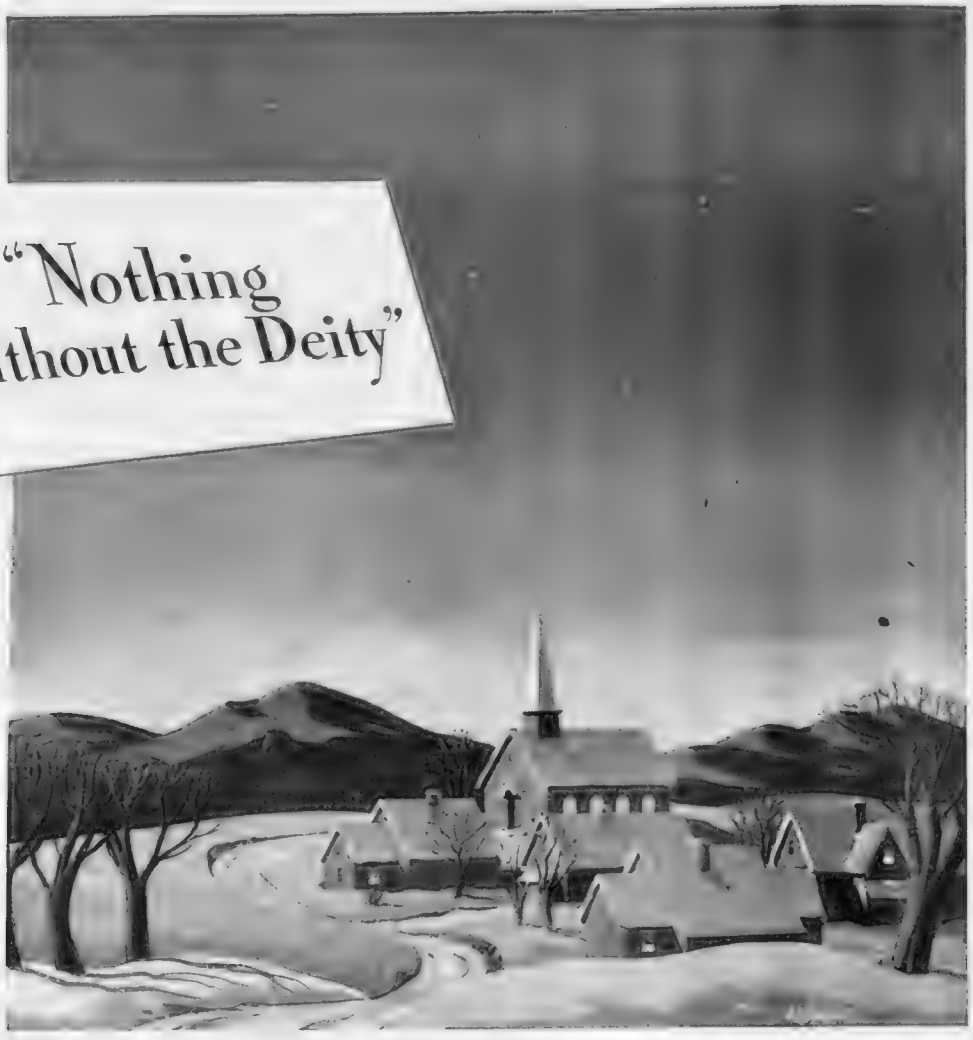
In this type of treatment, an aversion to alcoholic beverages is created in the patient by means of certain drugs, and when the aversion is well established, psychological pressure is applied to reinforce the newly-acquired habit of abstinence.

There may be cases in which it appears to the psychiatrist that all the patient needs is to be given a chance to use certain unemployed abilities or ambitions.

In such cases the patient will be put in touch with agencies which can offer the opportunities. In some cases the clinics may help to establish contact with an appropriate employer.

Of course, if the police court sends over some one with a long record of arrests and jail, and the diagnosis determines that he is not primarily an alcoholic, but merely a criminal who drinks too much, back to the jail circuit he goes.

"Nothing without the Deity"



COLORADO'S inspiring motto "Nothing without the Deity" expresses a fundamental American doctrine. This motto, a quotation from Virgil's Aeneid, was selected by Colorado's first territorial governor, William Gilpin.

Colorado's early settlers built their homes, their churches, their schoolhouses—worked, prayed and sought to educate their children—because they had faith . . . faith in a land which offered individual freedom, and opportunity for all.

Their faith was rewarded. Colorado is a land of plenty today; rich in products of farms, mines and forests which contribute so greatly to the war effort.

Union Pacific, the first railroad to enter Denver, has contributed to and shared in Colorado's development and its prosperity. Like its fellow citizens of Colorado, Union Pacific is tirelessly working to win the war. Over the Strategic Middle Route, uniting Colorado with the East and Pacific Coast, flows an endless stream of troops and materials.

** Colorado is one of the 11 western states served by the Union Pacific Railroad. Subsequent advertisements of this series will feature other states.*

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UNION PACIFIC

1869 DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY 1944

THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE *Strategic* MIDDLE ROUTE

"Bugs" Baer Wails — "Take My Income; Gimme the Tax!"

One Touch of Genius Which Tax Tactician "Bugs" Baer Proposes to Apply to Ease His March 15 Headache — Letting the Treasury Take His Income, Leaving Him the Tax.

Floored by Ceilings, Persecuted by Forgiveness, and Defeated by the Victory Fraction, the Famous Humorist Thinks They'll Have to Roll Out Another Barrel

By ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

Author of "Incomes and How to Avoid Them," and "Cankruptcy in Ten Easy Installments."

THIS income tax business is driving me nuts. Some people say it isn't a drive. It's a putt.

As a mathematical genius I can count to ten on my fingers. I have to take off my shoes to make change for a quarter.

That's why Form 1040 made me dizzier than a flirtation in a revolving door. The philosopher Carlyle says there is force in a rotting leaf. Else, how could it rot? I say there is Swiss clockwork in Form 1040. Else, how could it make you cuckoo?

I have been persecuted by the Forgiveness Tax, cut off without a cent by the Inheritance Tax, dropped through the floor by the Ceiling Tax and defeated by the Victory Tax.

In a world of alphabetical progression, I'm an Abou Ben Adhem who's tired of having his name lead all the rest of the sucker list. I'm looking for an Abou Ben Subtractem.

Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants, Chiefs — and a Crystal Ball — Invoked by the Eminent Authority on Fiscal Finagling, in His Correspondence With Mr. Morgenthau's Minions.

UP UNTIL I was forgiven by the Forgiveness Tax, I was sitting as pretty as a nurse's cap. Jumping to Page 3, Item 4, to answer Question 2 on Page 2, was the straw that busted the camel's galluses.

Up until that time I considered schedules, itemization, interest, principal and accrued increment as financial anchovies that curled themselves.

The first law of compensation and its by-products is that you cannot get more out of a barrel than you put into it. And that's where Hank Morgenthau discovered a startling and revolutionary system that has been recently set to popular music.

Hank figured out that you could always roll out another barrel.

WHILE it was Form 1040 that lathered me it was really Form 1186 that shaved me — and it wasn't just once over lightly, either, you can take it from me.

Furthermore, it was that Form 1186 that caused me to get in bad with the Internal Revenue collectors.

It didn't take those gimlet-eyed boys long to find out that I had too many five-cent answers to the $64 questions.

At the present time I have a proposition gathering some mildewed attention down in the Washington archives. Here is my collapsible ultimatum to the U. S. Treasury: "You take my salary and let me keep the tax."

Only one feature seems retroactive and plausible in the new Victory Tax. That one is compelling all women to pay on their alimony. That's a victory, too.

Let's take Form 567S—3XX. It's all right up to the XX. And it's the reason I didn't fill out an income tax last year.

The government already had all my money and I was trying to avoid a duplication of effort.

THERE was some little correspondence between myself and the authorities. Also a few spiritual seances including rapping on tables, mysterious ringing of doorbells and some occult levitation by the seat of the trousers and the nape of the neck.

But the government finally succumbed to my very sensible postscript, "I am making and filing no record involving my 1943 financial affairs. Why should I keep a fever chart in a frost-bite case?"

So far my efforts have not answered that ageless question, "Did the egg or the hen get there first?" I do know the squeezer was lurking in ambush for the lemon.

I'm thankful that they are going to tax us as we go along. When I paid taxes in 1941 for salary I spent in 1940, and so on, I always felt I was getting kicked by a dead horse.

The 1944 set-up seems fairer and squarer. Unfortunately, the fairer applies only to tomorrow's weather and the squarer is what your lawyer tries to put in with the tough judge.

But I'm in fine financial shape right now. My lawyer is working without a fee. And there is a chance of my getting a rebate on my last ten dollars or ten days. I think I will get the days.

AS A consulting expert on taxes I have found that England taxed windows and chimneys in 1691, that Peter the Great taxed beards and Louis the Grand put a tax on rubber pockets to prevent customers from stealing hot soup. That's why I think our system is more impartial.

Our American way is the gambling way, "Five will get you ten." Provided, of course, you have the fifteen to start with.

Remember that in this kind of betting the Treasury puts up nothing except signs.

Remember another thing, folks. This is no complaint blank. I'm just thinking out loud in spite of the fact that the walls have ears and the keyholes have eyelashes.

I know, all right, which side my bread is buttered on. But why start talking about the Black Market?

I have followed all the directions and the financial detours in Form 6175 and I find the Treasury has evolved a startling new theory in budgetary chemistry in which the interest eats up the principal.

And believe me, the interest sure has worked up a ravenous appetite.

Which all brings us to the snapper in the 1944 bonbon.

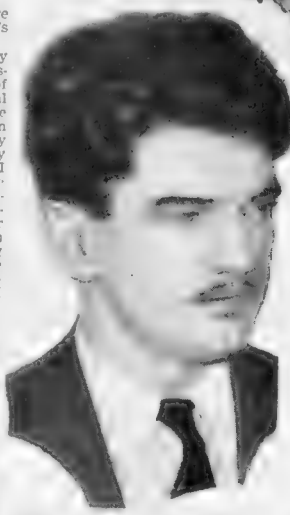
Here's to the immovable American income and the irresistible outgo.

Here's to the star-spangled national financial problem that stands like the Rock of Gibraltar, unquivering and adamant. No power on earth can budge.

But There's One Consolation — Now the Alimony Doughgirls Must Put It on the Line and This, Says Financial Wizard Baer, Is Where Victory Comes Into the Victory Tax.

"I Traded in My Heart" By Peggy

Unaware of the Trouble Ahead, the Blumenthals Celebrated Their Anniversary by Entertaining Jimmy Walker and Other Close Friends at Their "Little Empire" in Larchmont.



"Cold Chills Ran Down My Spine. Everywhere I Looked I Saw Plainclothesmen, But I Still Had a Horrible Hunch 'Mad Dog' Vincent Coll (Left) Would Outwit My Guards and Kidnap Me As He'd Threatened."

CHAPTER XI

"A MAN who did not identify himself called and said Mad Dog Vincent Coll, the gangster, planned to kidnap you here tonight at midnight!" Jimmy Walker whispered. "Police Commissioner Mulrooney and I have detectives behind every curtain and plainclothesmen surrounding the Casino."

I began to tremble.

"Peggy, I'm going to sit here beside you every second. It's 12 o'clock now!"

I tried to thank Jimmy against the music of Leo Reisman's band and over the noise of the merry crowd in the Central Park Casino. Midnight came and went and we sat rigidly in our chairs, waiting. Jimmy thought best not to tell Blumey till later; he'd get hysterical. I don't remember whether I ate or drank during the two dragging hours. Then a wall of detectives guarded me to our car and into the apartment for an all-night vigil. In the morning Jimmy called a meeting of the leaders of New York's underworld — the strangest group I have ever seen. Among them was Larry Fay, my gangster-admirer.

"If I can find the man who threatened to kidnap you," Larry Fay said boldly, "I'll take good care of him!"

"That isn't what we want, Fay!" said Jimmy Walker. "Just find him. The law will do the rest."

I lived in horror and Blumey was almost insane with worry. Despite the 24-hour guard Jimmy kept me under, I jumped at every shadow and noise. My anxiety increased when, in a deserted car, police found plans of our apartment, names of places I frequented and an accurate schedule of my daily life—the hour I was massaged, had my hair dressed, etc. It was learned then that The Mad Dog and his wife lived within a block of our apartment.

Months later, a rival gangster riddled him with a machine gun while he was in a phone booth calling his wife.

Blumey and I had grown closer during our months of fright, being constantly together.

Our wedding anniversary that year was one of real great happiness. Jimmy Walker, our best friend, and a few other close friends helped us celebrate in the garden of our house at Larchmont.

Blumey seemed to get a kick out of "Peggy Fears Presents" but, when he bought me a play totally unsuited for that grand star, Lenore Ulric, whom he also engaged to appear in it, I balked. However, he persuaded me; I should have followed my intuition; for more reasons than one!

I remember the morning I was to leave for the Philadelphia opening of "Nona," when a magazine writer I shall call Madame X came to the apartment. She wore a smartly tailored suit and frilly blouse. Her light hair curled under a small hat, she was a woman consciously feminine. I noticed her hands, bare except for a solitary gold-crested ring with an ornate design.

"I'd like to interview the only woman producer on Broadway for my magazine," she said. I could see that Blumey was impressed.

"The public isn't interested in a producer," I said to Madame X. "Why not interview Natalie Hall, my star, in 'Music in the Air'?"

The magazine writer thoughtfully studied the crest in her ring. I remarked on the design.

"It's an old crest," she replied, "but you are something new—a woman producer not yet 25 years old. My publisher wants to use a portrait of you with my interview." Then she smiled at Blumey and as if with sudden inspiration said, "Mr. Blumenthal, why don't you take Mr. Ziegfeld's place! Then I could write about you!"

I saw Blumey's face light up. Madame X turned the full strength of her blue, blue eyes on him.

"Why, I am taking Ziegfeld's place!" Blumey said. "Working out his plans for the new Follies."

I knew that Blumey had refused to take control of Ziggy's plans, although Billie Burke and I had begged him to. But I had only a few minutes left to catch my train for Philadelphia and not time enough to go into the discussion.

Blumey invited Madame X on our hurried drive to the train. And I was sorry Blumey would not go with me to Philadelphia, although I realized that the business of tightening up the play for the opening would not be fun for him.

I was restive on the trip and as soon as I reached Philadelphia I called him. "How could you have told anyone from the press that you're taking over Ziggy's plans. You know you decided against taking over."

"Peggy, would you be jealous of me if I got my name in Madame X's magazine?" he asked.

"That's absurd! But why would you want it?"

"She is going to write about me taking Ziegfeld's place."

"Which you have no intention of doing, Blumey, that's pretty cheap!"

This was the first quarrel since our wedding vows and I saw it directed by the flattery of publicity. Throughout that night I could hear the angry finality of the click of the phone as Blumey hung up. And when he did not call me the next day I was miserable and called him.

"I don't want to be a producer!" I said. "I never did. You and Wanger insisted on my changing the name of Ambassador Corp. to Peggy Fears Presents! I told you then it was wrong for me to be anything else except your wife, which I was happy being."

"But you wanted to do 'Music in the Air'!"

"I had to, Blumey, it was so beautiful, and when I realized how many had turned it down I was afraid that it might not ever be produced. But you continue to buy shows, throw them in my lap! I didn't want 'Nona,' I refused to do the new Dorothy Hall show, which I heard you've just bought. Neither show is right—'Nona' for Lenore or the show for Dorothy."

"Now, Peggy, be a good little girl. I'll meet you at the train Saturday night and we'll go to Rumsey's Mayfair." Then he added: "Jack Harkrider is staying in the apartment this week while you're away."

Fears

The Sparkling Memoirs of the Broadway Cinderella Who Got Everything She Wanted —Fame, Riches and a Millionaire Prince Charming—But Found Out She Didn't Want Any of Them

Peggy Fears, When She Was at the Height of Her Career as a Producer, Having Just Presented "Music in the Air."

I was glad Blumey wasn't alone. Jack was an old Texas friend. He had been Ziggy's scenic designer, and had costumed "Music in the Air" for me.

The weight lifted from my heart a little until the next morning when another script, which Blumey intended to purchase for me to produce, arrived. It was a play about New York society. I returned it saying it was impossible. Its unfortunate run of three days bore out my judgment in rejecting it.

I was restless all week and thankful to climb onto the train that Saturday night.

In New York the car and chauffeur were waiting for me at the station—without Blumey. It was the first time he had ever failed to meet me! I rushed home in the belief that there would be some explanation. I found a bunch of flowers on my bed and a note, which said: "If you're a little lonely tonight, give me a ring. I'll wait up. Jack."

Of course, Jack Harkrider had been in the apartment all week. I read the note again and it seemed that Jack had tried to tell me something he could not bring himself to write. But I did not call him. I went to bed, but did not sleep. And there was no word from Blumey that night. About five I finally fell off to sleep and when I awakened about noon I got up and went into Blumey's room

Blumey was in bed, with his private phone and his head under the covers! When he heard me he uncovered his head, hung up the phone and looked at me. I did not know the look in his eyes.

"Who was it, Blumey?"

"None of your business!"

This was the quarrel we had started and I hoped had ended.

The library phone rang and I answered it. A child's voice said: "Uncle Blumey, Mummy wanted me to thank you for the candy and flowers you sent us."

Blumey had no baby niece in New York that I'd ever heard of. A pain cut across my heart then, and Blumey's scarlet, excited face told me something I had never imagined.

"This is Mrs. Blumenthal, darling," I said, not wanting to frighten the child. "Put your mother on the phone."

The receiver on the other end of the line clicked into place. But suddenly Blumey's private phone rang and I was quicker than he to answer.

"I should think you would do your own calling," I said. (It would be the child's mother.) "Wait, don't hang up. Here is my husband."

"I don't want to talk to her!" Blumey said.

"He doesn't want to talk to you," I repeated and hung up . . . on Madame X.

Blumey was angrier than I had ever seen him. I don't know what I felt. "Somehow I never thought of how I'd feel when I knew there was someone else."

"Mind your own business!" he said. And we looked at each other over a chasm too wide for me to see across clearly. Then he soon dressed and left the apartment without another word. I went to St. Patrick's Cathedral and tried to think, tried to pray.

Blumey moved from "The Castle" to the Waldorf the next day—with which fact I first became acquainted in a newspaper gossip column.

But soon everyone told me who the other woman was—a talented, ambitious grass widow with a child. She'd splashed the edges of Long Island society and New York's literary set—Madame X.

Blumey became so infatuated that he was blinded to the ruthlessness of one—so veneered with charm - just as other men, who had been useful to her ambitions.

However, he came back one afternoon, anger shadowing his face.

"Peggy, when you knew, why didn't you tell me about her?" he asked. "I never dreamed she was like that!"

Before I could think of what to say, the woman herself phoned.

"Is Mr. Blumenthal there?" she asked, and I recognized her voice, although she was hysterical.

I did not try to comfort him. What girl my age would have known how? I put the phone into his hand and noticed that now he wore a new gold ring with a crest on his little finger. "How dare you call me at my wife's apartment!" he began the conversation. Then I saw terror dilate his eyes and he hung up the phone jerkily.

"She's threatening to jump out the window!" he cried and ran frantically from the room.

I understood the threat better the next morning when I read that Blumey had a new romance—this time with Gloria Vanderbilt, twin sister of Lady Thelma Furness. And that he was going abroad on the same liner and would wed Gloria as soon as he could.

But the night before the scheduled sailing Blumey called me.

"Peggy, I must see you. Dine with me tonight? I have something important to tell you."

I went to his suite and what an array of flowers, champagne and caviar was waiting for me.

"It's a farewell dinner for us," I said, as soon as he greeted me.

"I've never felt closer to you, Peggy," he said.

I looked at him and realized that he had changed during his months away from me. And when he stepped out of the room, John, our butler, came over to me: "Madame, I'm worried about Mr. Blumenthal. He keeps telling me how he's going around with real society people now."

Blumey entered the room then and I pointed to a new overcoat thrown over the back of a chair

"Does the sable lining celebrate your sailing?" I asked.

"I bought you a sable coat, didn't I, when Al Jolson bought Ruby Keeler one?"

"But never a good painting," I replied, "nor a fine old piece of furniture. Blumey, does money only mean showing off to you? Don't you want to be of some good use in the world?"

"You sound bitter," he said, and he was surprised . . . I was; so bitter I could have wept.

"I shouldn't have come, Blumey," I got up to go. "I know now it was a mistake. Bon voyage!"

His arms were around me and he began to cry. "Peggy, you can't believe what the papers say about my marrying Gloria. You know I love you — only you."

"Then don't go abroad on the boat Gloria Vanderbilt is sailing on. Take another boat."

"You don't understand! I can't take another boat!"

"If you sail on that boat it means the end for us."

He was on his knees, then. "Please understand. Please wait till I come back."

I left him, knowing that if he sailed on a later boat he would miss a party at the Prince of Wales' castle, where he was to be Gloria's escort - a social advantage Blumey wouldn't miss even if it lost him his wife.

Alone at "The Castle" the next day I received white roses and a cable which read:

CONGRATULATIONS ON OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY TODAY PLEASE BE PATIENT I WILL BE RIGHT BACK LOVE BLUMEY

Next week Peggy Fears tells of the final breaking-up of her marriage to A. C. Blumenthal and how she eventually succeeded in changing her whole perspective toward life and winning back the public's applause.

Window in His Stomach Lets Doctors Spy on Emotions

An Accident Has Enabled Science to See How Worry and Hate Make Your Innards Blush, Cause Aches and Ulcers, While Contentment Keeps Them Healthy

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

EVEN the horse-and-buggy doctors of a century ago knew that emotions have a lot to do with health; that the chronic worrier, the man who flies off the handle at the drop of a hat, and the housewife who resents wash day and her cleaning chores, all are likely to have upset digestive systems.

Folds of the Stomach Lining (Left) When Normal, Swollen (Right) After Continued Rage.

Some early-day physicians warned that getting roiled too frequently, or feeling insecure in one's job, was likely to cause stomach ulcers.

But despite their practical conclusions, those old time medicos were pretty much in the dark about what actually goes on in an overanxious or irate patient's stomach to make him chronically ill.

Fortuitous circumstances now have cleared up the great organic mystery.

A perfect human laboratory walked into the clinic of New York Hospital one day not long ago—a man with a "window" in his stomach.

This abdominal peephole through which doctors could see a healthy digestive system at work was a small, round opening about an inch and a half in diameter, known medically as a fistula. It didn't just grow in its odd location, but was a necessary artificial aperture through which Tom, the patient, had been eating his meals for nearly fifteen years.

Esophagus Closed at (A) Made Part (B) Useless. He Feeds Through An Opening (C) With a Tube (D).

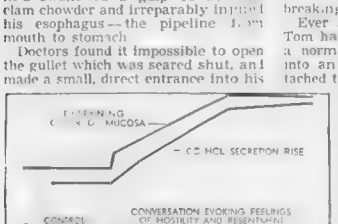
When he was a little boy of nine he'd swallowed a gulp of scalding clam chowder and irreparably injured his esophagus—the pipeline from mouth to stomach.

Doctors found it impossible to open the gullet which was seared shut, and made a small, direct entrance into his stomach so he still could eat, though in a manner that would be heartbreaking to any gourmet.

Ever since the day of his accident Tom has been chewing his food like a normal person, then emptying it into an ordinary kitchen funnel attached to a small rubber tube inserted in his stomach window each mealtime. He even enjoys a few sips of beer, pouring the rest of the bottle's contents directly through his feeding tube.

Because Tom never could have the companionship of others at dinner, or over a few drinks, he was sensitive about his affliction and tried to keep it a secret. But when he realized that by watching his stomach in action doctors might learn how to prevent serious aches and ulcers, he agreed to become a guinea pig for science.

What experts found out from peeping through Tom's window recently was reported by Dr. Stewart Wolff of Cornell University Medical College and the New York Hospital staff, in a book called "Human Gastric Function" published by Oxford Univ. Press.



Lines on a Typical Record Chart Show Rise in Color of the Stomach Lining and Acid Secretion When the Patient Is Resentful. Muscular Activity (Gastric Motility) Increases in Great Spurts.

Tom, a married man with a grown daughter and three stepchildren, had a normal man's problems; went through his days of sadness and depression; and felt alternately burned-up or anxious. But there was affection and contentment in his life, too, to make up for that average-man's-share of the seamy side.

He was given a job in the hospital laboratories, but each morning spent hours lying on a table while interested medicos watched his stomach muscles contract, measured the volume of gastric juices and observed the changing color of the organ's lining.

One day as this procedure was going on another member of the staff rushed in, started opening drawers, looking on shelves and swearing. Some piece of apparatus had been mislaid, and Tom was responsible. He was scared, too, for fear he'd be fired.

Sure enough, his terror showed up in his tummy.

Its lining turned pale as his face. The digestive juices slowed their flow as if chilled in their tracks.

Not until the lost object was found did Tom's stomach get going again on the even keel doctors call "basal" and resume its normal color.

Another morning the patient arrived boiling mad. He'd been filled with resentment all night because a hospital secretary had ordered him around unduly the day before. "I wish I could get my hands on her neck," Tom said.

A peep at his stomach showed it was ready to devour the woman, too. The mucous membrane was red and swollen, gastric secretions were flowing three times as fast as normal and the muscles churned fiercely.

Anxiety about a financial problem brought out the same fighting spirit in Tom's digestive machinery.

But one day he came in long-faced and depressed. He and the Mrs. had planned to move into a new and better house. Then someone else signed the lease before Tom got around to it. Carelessness had done them out of the home, and Tom knew he was to blame.

Watching doctors read defeat in his stomach. The lining was pale, little acid was secreted and the muscles relaxed. He had no appetite, but had he eaten under those conditions digestion might have taken as much as 12 hours instead of the usual four or five.

Tom's day by day emotional changes always brought definite reactions. Anger, worry and resentment made his stomach overactive. Fear and sadness slowed it up. These everyday alternations, to which all humans are subject, wouldn't make anyone chronically ill.

But when Tom's stomach was "angry" or "worried" for weeks at a time, and its lining red and swollen from an oversupply of blood, observers noticed that rapid contractions of muscles sometimes caused tiny hemorrhages or worn spots.

From these small erosions it may be only a short step to a peptic ulcer, the experts point out.

That "all gone" feeling when the stomach is influenced by sadness, if it persists, may lead to serious loss of weight and physical exhaustion.

Curiously these stomach reactions to prolonged emotional upsets aren't something a person can sleep off, either. Watching Tom while he slept showed that a raging stomach kept right on raging in spite of Morpheus.

Drugs and diets affect the activity of the human stomach, too. Fats take longer to digest than other foods because the gastric juices break them down less readily.

With the evidence collected from ringside seats at emotional battles fought by Tom's stomach, doctors now are prepared to deal with problems of love and hate when human innards go haywire.

Tom's stomach "pane" was a fortunate accident for science.

Anger Steps Up Orderly Stomach Functions, Muscles Churn, Gastric Juices Triple Their Flow, the Mucous Membrane Turns Fiery Red and Prolonged Resentment Causes Tiny "Holes" That Turn to Ulcers.

The Hard Way—Swallowing the Gastro-Photor Tube Doctors Use to Photograph "Windowless" Stomachs.

9-10-11-12 are the Golden Hours!

Nine to noon are the golden hours . . . when you ought to be at your singing-est, goldenest best!

But how *can* you be if you eat a *bird-size* breakfast?

Don't forget, you've gone all night without food . . . your stomach's begging for quick-action fuel!

No wonder leading doctors say, *get at least one quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast!*

Ring in those golden hours with a breakfast dish of Grape-Nuts Flakes—that "boy-what-a-wonderful-world" cereal!

Every sweet-as-a-nut bite bursts with *whole-grain* nourishment—the kind of *whole-grain* nourishment Uncle Sam recommends in his Basic 7 Foods program.

Packed with B_1, that whipsnapping, energy vitamin.

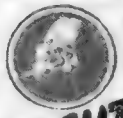
Tomorrow, give yourself an up-and-at-'em start, with a big bowl of rich, honey-golden Grape-Nuts Flakes. Pour on the milk or cream, heap 'em with your favorite fruit. *Man, you're in breakfast heaven!* (No shortage of Grape-Nuts Flakes—you'll find 'em everywhere!)

Grape-Nuts Flakes
A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL
LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!
Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.
doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.
says: An adequate breakfast includes both fruit and a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.
We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.
GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES
Grape-Nuts Flakes
NOURISHING
WHOLE-GRAIN
CEREAL FOOD

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

The excitement-charged story of the American Navy's supermen! Lusty, lovable fighters... men of heroic daring, vivid romances, dynamic courage!

JOHN WAYNE
SUSAN HAYWARD

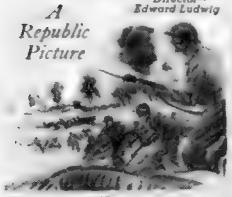


The FIGHTING SEABEES

with
DENNIS O'KEEFE
William Frawley · Leonid Kinskey · J. M. Kerrigan
Grant Withers · Paul Fix

A Republic Picture

Director—Edward Ludwig



Be Yourself—or Several Other People

With Good Looks, and the Help of an Expert Make-up Artist, Many a Girl Can Become a "Femme Fatale."

Believe It or Not, the Prissy Intellectual Above and the Bespectacled Old Woman at the Right Are Other "Personalities" of the Glamorous Girl at the Top of the Page.

THE stars of Hollywood, and the masters of make-up who help them shine so brightly, know that it is possible — and sometimes sensible—for women to be two-faced. And this seemingly subversive bit of advice goes for members of the gentler sex who have no ambition, or no hope, of crashing the gates of the film capital.

To illustrate his point in a pleasant and graphic manner, Perc Westmore, one of Hollywood's top-flight make-up experts, induced pretty Faye Emerson—whose flexible features appear on this page to submit said features to his gentle demonstrations and subtle artistry.

The results were various and quite frankly interesting. They proved that Miss Emerson could be a fascinating "femme fatale" of the Mata Hari type, a cool and unapproachable intellectual or a sweet old woman peering through her spectacles at the sunset of life.

And while he had the Warner Brothers' star in his studio he transformed her into a couple of other people—a teen-age boy and a dashing young blade complete with mustache and pipe.

Mr. Westmore is not suggesting that women in the world of business or matrons who list their status as "housewife" go in for any such repertory of personalities. He is demonstrating that the feminine face can be presented in many ways and that it is possible for almost any woman to improve her looks and her impact on the world at large by a skilful use of cosmetics.

A secretary, for example, can be trim and business-like without being obvious. With a minimum of make-up and an appropriate hairdo she can clothes commercial efficiency.

The same smart young woman, through with the day's work and headed for a dinner party or an evening at the theatre, may with a few legitimate tricks at her dressing table— become her own glamorous "alter ego." And for a day in the open she can assume still another version of her busy and intelligent self—all by knowing how to put her best face forward.

It's the LAST War Stamp in your book that turns it into a Bond.

Little Red Riding Hood caught a cold

(En route to Grandma's, of course)

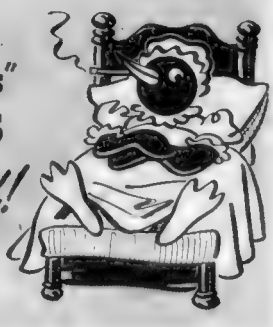
Along came a Wolf with a pack of KOOLS

Well, KOOLS felt so soothing when her throat was raw

She decided to smoke them all the time

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

-for good!



THEY DISCOVERED THIS COLDS' RELIEF—

For coughing and muscular aches of colds. Yes, thousands of mothers everywhere have discovered Penetro—a salve with modern medication in a base containing the same kind of old fashioned mutton suet grandma used inside, medicated vapors for the cold-congested breathing passages. Outside, acts as a warming plaster at spot where rubbed on. Penetro is white, stainless, pleasant to use. Double supply 35c. Get real relief for these miseries with Penetro

FOR COLDS PAINFUL MISERIES

Quickly relieves pains of colds' sore throat and muscle aches.

St. Joseph ASPIRIN

Ever-Ready Oil

WORKS FAST TO MAKE SORE MUSCLES FEEL FINE

If your back is sore, your arms ache, and you feel bad all over, get a bottle of Sayman Liniment and massage it on gently. It helps to relax "tight" muscles, relieve stiffness, ease pain due to over-exertion, exposure or fatigue. You'll say there's nothing better. 50c at any drug counter.

SAYMAN LINIMENT

Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE

Many good cooks regularly read the Housewife's Food Almanack in this magazine.

Frightened by a Glass of Lemonade

For Months After the Seemingly Silly Accident the Nervous Curate Had a Fear of Liquids and Thought He Couldn't Swallow.

BRITAIN'S medical history is crowded with the records of many queer and unusual cases where the Empire's greatest psychiatrists have probed successfully into all kinds of fears and phobias, but the recent experience of a man who was frightened by a glass of lemonade almost stumped the experts.

The unfortunate man, now a curate, was unable for five years to swallow liquids except in small amounts that he carefully sipped from a spoon each morning. He attributed his condition to an experience he once had when he drank a glass of iced lemonade at a dance and was immediately seized with a fit of choking. From that moment on he developed a fear not only of lemonade but of all liquids.

Only recently, when he fell in love and planned to get married, did he appeal to the psychiatrists for help. In announcing his cure the other day, the British Medical Journal gave a lengthy report on this deep-seated fear and proudly pointed out that the patient's ultimate victory was well demonstrated by his ability to drink beer at his wedding.

Behind the success of the alienists was a tedious and long-drawn-out probing into the mental processes of the man and hours of questioning and investigation of his past from his earliest childhood down to the present.

One false clue after another was explored carefully in an effort to find the real reason for the patient's ailment, and only by chance recently did the investigators finally hit upon the right thread.

In reciting stories of his childhood the patient casually related a terrifying experience. He had choked on a fishbone stuck in his throat and was saved by his father who held his head, face up, under a running water tap.

This almost forgotten incident was the key that unlocked the puzzling mystery and enabled the doctors to show the curate that his jittery and nervous condition, dating from the dance, proved that the lemonade he had choked on was only a symbol. The real cause of his phobia was the "water cure" his father used to wash the fishbone out of his throat. This drastic measure had built up a great apprehension of all liquids.

The lemonade which caused him to choke subconsciously recalled the incident of the fishbone and the water tap which was the real hidden fear that, up to now, had been spoiling his life.

EASY TO MAKE Pretty things for Baby!
These beautifully illustrated ten-cent needlework books show the newest baby fashions to knit or crochet and sew. At your favorite store or mail SPECIAL OFFER COUPON
MAKE THINGS FOR YOURSELF, FAMILY AND HOME... GET THESE BOOKS.
SPECIAL OFFER! FREE
Name
Address
City State

No other magazine in the world presents factual articles in such an interesting way as does The American Weekly.

It's just like getting an extra pair of stockings!
TESTS SHOW LUXED STOCKINGS LAST TWICE AS LONG!
Strain tests prove Luxed stockings last twice as long without going into runs as those rubbed with cake soap or washed with a strong soap! Rayon, nylon, silk, cotton, all showed similar results.
Give your stockings nightly Lux care! It helps each pair to give you the wear of two. That's like getting an extra pair every time you buy one! Dry rayons thoroughly (24-48 hours).
LUX
FIGHT WASTE
Use all the Lux you need to get rich suds, but no more than you need. Don't use more water than necessary. Wash stockings after undies, in the same suds, to make Lux go even further.
LUXed stockings—FIT better—WEAR longer!

HAVE A CHUCKLE

"She Insists On Spending Every Minute of His Furlough With Him— and You Know the Labor Situation."

"I Had No Idea Astronomy Was So Scientific."

"It Says the Chief's Out To Lunch. He'll Be Back At Two"

"Well, Thanks for a Very Interesting Demonstration, Doctor. I'm Sure Your Little Death Ray Machine Has Definite Possibilities."

Maddened to Murder by the Full Moon?

The Weird Series of Double Slayings at Duck Island May Be Solved at Last, But Science Still Wonders About the Killer's Strange Reactions to Lunar Light

Three Times With the Full Moon Behind Him, the Killer Crept From the Underbrush That Bordered Trenton's Lovers' Lane to Take the Lives of Trysting Couples.

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

A GRIM prophecy of coming moon madness and wholesale murders is recalled the other day with the arrest of Private Clarence Hill, 33, a soldier at Fort Dix, charged with three double murders in a Lovers' Lane and three other attempts to kill tryst ing couples.

The police of Trenton, N. J., where Hill lives, say he has confessed to the crimes. If so, his trial may bring out the story of a modern Jekyll-and-Hyde in whose dark, tormented mind there was a maniac's force against lovers. In that story the full moon may have played a macabre role, as it has done in mad minds throughout history. The word lunatic comes from the Latin luna, moon.

More than three years ago, in January, 1941, after the first murders, a writer in The American Weekly predicted that, if uncaught, the killer would strike again when the moon was full. As the story said, "the assassin might be expected to creep from the underbrush along a secluded lane on the outskirts of Trenton intent on blasting the lives from some unsuspecting couple trysting there." That is exactly what he did.

The country about Duck Island, in the Delaware River near Trenton, is a dreary wasteland of mud, marsh grass and scrub. But to many an emotionally starved couple it has been Lovers' Lane to which they stole away from their families, especially when the moon was full. They parked there in battered jalopies.

The moon was full on the night of Nov. 8, 1938. Vincento Tonzillo, 20, of Trenton, took his wife to a friend's house, promising to come back soon, then went off in his car to meet a 15-year-old girl, Mary Mytovich. They drove to Duck Island.

Suddenly the car door was flung open and moonlight showed a man with a shotgun. He shouted, "This is a stick-up!" Tonzillo leaped at him. A blast of buckshot in his head and throat killed Tonzillo. The girl screamed and the man shot her, too. The murderer fled. Automobilists heard the screams, found the girl still alive and rushed her to a hospital. There she told a fragmentary story of the hold-up. Then she died.

Police had so little to work with in their hunt for the killer that when they finally gave it up there was no criticism, and the crime was put down as an isolated happening.

On the night of Sept. 30, 1939, the moon was full again. Early that evening Frank Kasper, 28, of Trenton, left his wife and small son while he went out with Mrs. Katherine Werner, 37, presumably shopping.

Next morning a ragpicker, sorting rubbish in the garbage dumps on Duck Island, saw what he thought was a woman's shoe. He tried to pick it up and discovered a dead woman. She was Mrs. Werner.

Buckshot had torn into her right arm. Her skull had been crushed by a slab of concrete. Kasper's car was parked near by, its owner dead in the back seat, his throat riddled with buckshot.

Again police failed to run down the criminal.

On Aug. 8, 1940, with a bright moon shining, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Trahatti were held up by a Negro while driving near Duck Island. This time the man had no gun and after a brief struggle he took to his heels.

On the night of Nov. 2, 1940, Howard Wilson, 19, of Bristol, Pa., staggered into Harriman Hospital in that city, his right arm almost severed by a gunshot wound. He said that he and a young woman were sitting in his car near Duck Island, when a man approached with a shotgun.

Remembering Duck Island crimes, Wilson tried to start the car but the armed man shot him. The young woman seized the wheel and drove off with Wilson before the assailant could reload his gun.

A third double murder climaxed the series when the bodies of Louis Kovacs, 35, and Mrs. Carolina Monticoni, 27, both of Trenton, were found dead of gunshot wounds in a car near Duck Island. That was on Nov. 16, 1940, when a full moon was shining.

Again no one was arrested and it was then that a writer for The American Weekly prophesied that some "moon mad murderer" would try again in the vicinity of lonely Duck Island.

The neighborhood was now heavily patrolled by police in prowl cars and few lovers took advantage of moonlight on the ill-famed Duck Island.

Finally a Negro attacked Private John Testa, of Bristol, Pa., while he was sitting with a girl in a parked car not far from the scenes of violence. The stranger wounded Testa in the shoulder with a shotgun. The girl ran away and the Negro tried to club her with the gun. She escaped when the gun broke.

A serial number on the gun stock led to the arrest of Clarence Hill, a skilled rubber worker; the father of two little daughters, superintendent of the Sunday School at his church, a participant in various community activities and a soldier when caught.

How could such a man be guilty of the Duck Island murders? According to psychiatrists, he could have a schizoid, or split, personality.

Schizoids exist upon whom the moon has a baneful effect. Under ordinary circumstances they are law abiding citizens. But something happens to them in the full of the moon.

Nobody knows what makes a moon mad maniac. But there is evidence that the lunar rays have peculiar effects on some forms of animal life. There is, however, insufficient scientific information to form positive conclusions concerning human beings.

Statistics show that pyromaniacs are more active when the moon is full. During New York's notorious Snyder-Gray murder case in the middle '20s, it was said in behalf of Ruth Snyder, who helped kill her husband for love of Judd Gray, that she acted under the strange and mysterious influence of the moon.

The contention had no influence on the jury's verdict. She and Gray both went to the electric chair. Centuries ago she might have been shown mercy. The ancients believed people might be moon-struck and lose their senses temporarily.

In our time, rightly or wrongly, it's no excuse for murder.

Mary Mytovich (Above), One of the First Victims, Lived Long Enough to Tell How Her Date With Vincento Tonzillo (Below) Turned Into a Date With Death for Them Both.

Mrs. Katherine Werner, Third to Die by Moon-touched Slayer's Hand.

Give children plenty of vitamins this wartime winter!

California gives you

The SEEDLESS ORANGES with the HIGH-VITAMIN JUICE!

FROM NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

The Navel means SEEDLESS

Five years of independent scientific tests prove it. You get more health per glass when you drink *California* orange juice! More vitamin C. More vitamin A. More calcium. And valuable amounts of vitamins B_1 and B_2 (G). This is important to all your family now that every bit of food must count.

Seedless, easy to peel and slice or section, California Navels are ideal *eating* oranges also. They are naturally best for fruit cups, salads, desserts, between-meals snacks and the lunch box.

To save shopping trips, order a week's supply of California Navels . . . the seedless oranges with the *High-Vitamin* juice. They keep.

EVERY DAY—SERVE THE 3 GROUPS

Part of the government's "Basic 7" Nutrition Program

1. Yellow or green leafy vegetables. For vitamin A, eat at least one daily. California oranges can help. They are the only oranges known to be a good source of vitamin A.

2. Oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit, lemons, raw greens. These must supply your vitamin C. Of these, oranges are your richest everyday source. And you get more vitamin C in every glass of juice when you use *California* Navel Oranges.

3. Potatoes and other vegetables and fruits. You need them in variety for other vitamins and minerals. Oranges likewise contain vitamins B_1 and B_2 (G), and calcium.

Copyright, 1944, California Fruit Growers Exchange

SAVE FIGHTS for Freedom

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA *Navel* ORANGES

BEST FOR JUICE—*and Every use!*

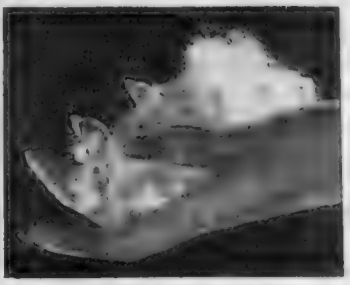
The Sunkist trademark on the skin identifies the finest oranges from 14,500 cooperating growers in California and Arizona. *Best for Juice—and Every use!*

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Modern Modes out of The Old Milk Pail

Many Gallons of Skimmed Milk Went Into the Making of the "Wool" in the Fashionable Outfit So Prettily Displayed Above.

These Taffy-like Strips of Milk Are Spun Into Fibres Which Have Much of the Quality of Wool.



The Milky "Wool" Is Lively and Springy And Can Be Combined With Real Wool, Cotton or Rayon.

FOR a long time now women have been using milk to make this world a pleasanter place for the fair sex. Many a fastidious beauty has dunked her charms in tubfuls of the pale liquid. Uncounted thousands of maids and matrons have cured their ills and slimmed their figures with the help of milk diets.

And now, thanks to the imagination and ingenuity of science and industry, the girls are going to dress themselves up in the potable juice provided by the patient cow.

After long and costly experiment, what scientists call the lacteal liquid has been made to produce a fibre which is surprisingly like the wool that grows on the backs of sheep. This fibre can be woven into cloth that can hardly be told from real wool. It can be combined with cotton and rayon to make new and interesting fabrics. The stuff has been called "Aralac."

The photographs on this page show how the milk is put in a machine which transforms it into taffy-like ribbons that eventually become light and fluffy "wool." This clever imitation of the material that Mother Nature uses to clothe sheep is then spun into a yarn and the yarn is loomed into bolts of [illegible]

The men who devised this new boon to civilized [illegible] are not, as might be suspected, taking milk from the mouths of babes. In the first place they make Aralac from skimmed milk and, right now, only three-tenths of one per cent of the country's skimmed milk supply is being fashioned into synthetic wool.

Until the war is over women won't get many clothes fashioned of Aralac, straight or combined with other materials but, when the Nazis and the Nips have been taken care of, new modes from the old milk pail will grace feminine figures, and masculine ones, too, from one end of the country to the other.

The War Bonds you HAVE bought STARTED the attack; the War Bonds you ARE buying help FINISH the attack.

Smile, *Plain Girl,* Smile!

Help keep your smile sparkling and appealing with the aid of Ipana and Massage!

DARE TO DREAM, Plain Girl! How do other girls make their fondest hopes come true? How do they win hearts and happiness? Seldom are they great beauties. But often, very often, they succeed because *they know how to smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a brief, hesitant smile, but one that flashes out radiant and appealing. Remember, though, for such a smile, teeth must be sound and sparkling. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—deprived of work by soft, creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help make your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiant!

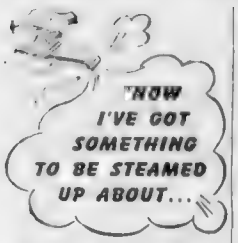
START TODAY WITH

Ipana *and* Massage

DENTISTS PREFER IPANA 2 TO 1 over any other dentifrice*

*Based upon the results of a nationwide survey among thousands of dentists.

(Ipana—Product of Bristol-Myers)



SCHICK INJECTOR BLADES ARE BACK!"

Keen-edged Schick Blades are getting a warm reception all over the land. Now that they're back . . . now that we're able to meet civilian as well as military demands . . . it means smoother, more comfortable shaves for millions. Those who had to lay their Schick Injector Razors aside for lack of blades can now go back to real shaving luxury.

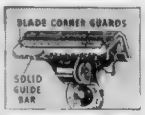
It's back to work for the razor that made shaving history. Discover again these revolutionary Schick Injector features—the only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 40 years!

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.

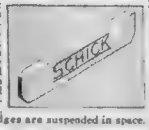
SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.



P.S. If you own a spare Schick Injector Razor, pass it along to a friend . . . so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For—although Schick Blades are back—we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

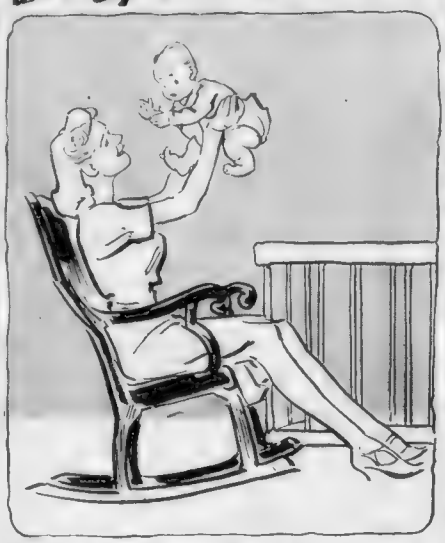
RASHES

For soothing relief by external means, apply pure, emollient

CUTICURA
SOAP and OINTMENT

Cuticura is mildly medicated, depend-able. For FREE Ointment sample, write today to Cuticura, Dept. A-81, Malden, Mass.

Maybe Grandma Is Right about "Spoiling" Babies



Coddling a Baby, Says One Child Specialist, Helps It Develop Strong Lungs and a Normal Brain.

IT'S TIME to haul out the family cradle and fix the squeak in the ancient rocking chair, because science says that baby mustn't be a little touch-me-not robot any more.

He needs love and affection from the first moment he opens his eyes. It's even believed hospitals are wrong to pop Junior into the germ-proof and father-repellant nursery away from his mother as soon as he's born.

Anyway, grandma's mother instinct was ticking on time when she gave her brand-new offspring moderate doses of rocking and lullabies.

With a slightly haywire addiction to formulas and schedules—it's now asserted present-day pediatricians advise modern mamas to stoke, bathe, weigh and put the infant to sleep with one eye on the clock; the other avoiding his longing gaze.

He mustn't be spoiled, they insist, and so he's impersonally stowed away in his "solitary-confinement" crib.

That's all wrong, says Dr. Margaret A. Ribble, who's made a study of hundreds of new bambinos and their emotional needs.

In a book, "The Rights of Infants," Dr. Ribble points out that food and regularity are only a small part of baby's requirements, while the ever-absorbing problem—dry pants—isn't even on the "must-have" list.

No bairn is born a little adult.

The gray matter that one day may make him an Einstein, a Rembrandt—or at least a likable guy—is in a rudimentary state. His breathing apparatus which must supply oxygen to the growing brain cells isn't hitting on all cylinders yet.

Carrying the baby around, stroking his head, and fondling him physically helps him physically to gain control of his respiration. The brain gets its needed air.

But the tot whose mother doesn't ever handle him must develop his thinking machinery on short oxygen rations. He's likely to be a temper-tantrum child and an adult who may be brilliant in one field but a misfit everywhere else.

Every mother worries for fear her baby will suck his thumb. He probably will for a while. That doesn't mean he's hungry for food, and if he gets enough mother love he'll eventually forget the habit.

The mouth exercise that goes with sucking is important for building up facial muscles and the power of speech. Wise mothers supervise this and, believe it or not, a clean, old-fashioned pacifier now is considered something not to be sneezed at.

Some women of the loathe-to-lift-a-finger school say, "My baby doesn't take to mothering," but Dr. Ribble says such refusal of attention is a dead give-away that mama doesn't like little brats.

There's emotional danger pending, too, when a tyke never kicks or cries, but seems to sleep all the time. He may be crawling into his small clam shell because he's treated like a little automaton instead of a love-hungry mite.

Other babies go on hunger strikes that only a bit of walking the floor or affectionate jiggling will cure.

And that reminds one of fathers. Where do they come into the picture?

Not until baby is three months old, says the physchiatrist, unless they can devote an hour a day regularly to nursery activities. The baby is too young before that time to become accustomed to "strangers."

The BEST War Bond bought is that extra one you THOUGHT you could not afford.

For New Glamor
-the only "COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder **in the World**

BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your correct colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is *vacuum-sifted* to super fineness . . . *stays* on for hours . . . *never* cakes. $1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, dept., and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for new glamor . . . *today!*

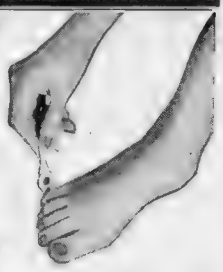
FIND YOUR COLOR GROUP

GROUP 1 (FAIR) — NATURAL, LIGHT RACHEL, DARK RACHEL
GROUP 2 (MEDIUM) — ROSE GLOW, DARK ROSE GLOW, GOLDEN RACHEL, BRUNETTE
GROUP 3 (DARK) — LIGHT NUT BROWN, NUT BROWN

In YOUR GROUP choose the *darker* shades for *daytime*, the *lighter* for *evening*.

PARK & TILFORD
"COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder

Say Goodbye to that
CORN!



How to get instant relief from painful pressure and remove corn

Wouldn't you like to say goodbye to that corn? Then stop home-paring! For "whittling" gets only the *top*, usually leaves the core behind. Instead, use Blue-Jay! It works 2 ways: the soft felt pad gives instant relief from pressure pain! Then the medication gently softens, loosens the corn so it can be easily removed—*with its hard core.* Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK • Division of The Kendall Company

PLEASE

Buy only as many Smith Bros. Cough Drops as you need. Let others get their share of our war-reduced output. Since 1847 Smith Bros. have soothed coughs due to colds. Black or Menthol—still only 5¢.

SMITH BROS.
COUGH DROPS
TRADE MARK

TWICE RICH..

this juice that's pressed the exclusive Libby way!

We begin with the kind of tomatoes that make a gardener throw out his chest in pride. We pick these plump beauties on the very day when their juice is most ***RICH IN FLAVOR*** And, most rich in vitamins, too!

Then comes our own special way of protecting that fresh-from-the-vine juice. Actually our experts have devoted years to the delicate job of retaining the precious tomato vitamins. Libby skill and Libby speed work together to *keep* our sparkling juice rich-tasting and ***RICH IN VITAMINS***

Tomato juice, packed with *such* care, is rich in Vitamin A and Vitamin C—a good source, too, of Vitamins B_1 and G. There's a grand share of the vitamin alphabet for you in each glass of this Libby refreshment.

Of course, because of Uncle Sam's needs, we don't have as much tomato juice for you as usual. But when you *do* see a can of Libby's, snap it up. Tomato juice fanciers say *sure enough* they can taste the extra goodness of our TWICE-RICH JUICE—with the very first sip.

When your dealer is out of tomato juice, take Libby's Pineapple Juice—or any *other* one of our famous Family of Juices.

Libby's

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY

BLACKHEADS are no fun!

Don't weep another tear! Don't lose out on another date. Don't keep on trying to cover up those ugly little hickeys. Try this effective way to clean your skin.

Spread a little Pompeian Rolling Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. That clean looking pink cream rolls off an oily dirt prey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the gradual removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes . . . leaving your skin glowing with life and color . . . radiantly clean!

A Pompeian Massage costs less than 2c a treatment. At your favorite drug, 5 and 10c or department store.

POMPEIAN ROLLING MASSAGE CREAM

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES

BABIES THRIVE ON SCOTT'S!

•••BECAUSE IT'S RICH IN VITAL ELEMENTS*

Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion helps build strong bones, sound teeth and stamina; helps build resistance to colds. It is rich in *natural* A & D Vitamins* that may be lacking in the diet. And—it's *4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil!* So give it daily. Buy at all druggists today!

Recommended by Many Doctors

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic

Cows Get Plastered, Too

PERTURBED is hardly the word for the feelings of the Right Reverend E M Slothotham of Kirdford [illegible] when his prize Guernseys recently struck his head in the open window of the cleric's study and [illegible] "Tis, Parson, Your cows are drunk!"

Listening to the cud-less belch, which overlooked the small acreage which he farms when not tending to the needs of his West Sussex parishioners, the vicar discovered the lad was not joking. His prize Guernseys were, indeed, reeling all over the field.

A speedily-summoned Kirdford veterinary and the worried-looking Reverend Slothotham went out to the pasture. One whiff of the bovine breath confirmed the [illegible] the cows were boiled.

Gol' Blimey!" chirped the farm medico. "It looks to me, Parson, if you don't mind my saying so, that you've been tending bar instead of tending cattle."

"But," blurted the vicar, "cows don't get intoxicated."

"I'll admit I've never seen cows drunk before," countered the vet, "but there's no denying it. Your Guernseys are plenty pickled."

A search of the field soon solved the mystery of the ossified animals. One corner was strewn with fermented apples, which the cows had been eating. Each apple had been the equivalent of one slug of apple-jack.

It was a grinning congregation that heard the smiling vicar announce from his pulpit the following Sunday that "the parish will be happy to know that my cows are now sober."

This isn't the first case of animals getting plastered.

Three years ago another story about inebriated cattle came out of London. Some cows wandering down a lane happened on a spilled barrel of beer that had fallen off a brewer's truck. When the farmer found his heifers they were zig-zagging down the roadway and mooing with a distinctive "hic."

American Weekly Patterns

PATTERN 3675—Trim "home-duty" frock. Sizes 34 to 48. Size 36, 4¼ yards 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3060—New bolero ensemble. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 42. Size 16, skirt and bolero, 3 yards 39-inch fabric; contrasting bodice, 1⅛ yards.

PATTERN 3000—Embroidered princess frock. Pattern 3000 contains a transfer pattern for embroidery and a single dress pattern in children's sizes 2, 4 and 6. State size required.

EACH PATTERN, together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 Sixth Avenue, New York [illegible], N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water . . . leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

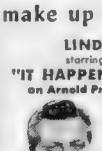
Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

HELP THE WAR EFFORT!
- conserve fabrics
- save money - still be Fashionable!
Uncle Sam asks you to conserve fabrics and save money. Millions of women do both with Tintex—and they still keep fashionable! Makes faded dresses, curtains, etc., as good as new—or gives them different colors if you wish. And Tintex is so easy, quick, perfect! Buy Tintex—the quality dye—today! Only 10¢ and 15¢ at drug departments and 10¢ stores.
Tintex
World's Largest Selling
TINTS & DYES
Easiest to Use!
50 Durable Colors
Perfect Results!
A TILFORD PRODUCT

Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

LINDA DARNELL
starring in René Clair's
"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW!"
on Arnold Pressburger Production
Released through United Artists



Wally Westmore, Famous Hollywood Make-up Artist

The Westmores — Perc, Wally and Bud — not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream.

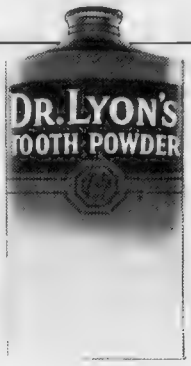
House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty — goes on smoothly and really stays on. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better. 25c and 50c at toilet goods counters everywhere.

House of **WESTMORE MAKE-UP**

Marching Ahead of all others...

Your password for a pin-up smile—use

DR. LYON'S America's No.1 Tooth Powder



Listen to Patricia Boyd—one of America's loveliest, most successful models: "I'd like to pin a medal on Dr. Lyon's—it brings out the true lustre and natural brilliance of my teeth—keeps my smile sparkling bright for the camera!" Let your teeth be revealed in all the gleaming beauty nature intended them to show, then let your smile flash this message. "It certainly pays to use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder!"

ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT POWDER

Today more than ever, gravy makes the meal. And Kitchen Bouquet makes the gravy—by enhancing and bringing out true meat flavor—NOT by substituting an imitation flavor. Only Kitchen Bouquet gives you these results.

KITCHEN BOUQUET

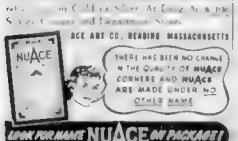
HOW WONDERFUL! ...add water THAT'S ALL!

I never dreamed waffle-baking could be so easy!" Yes ... easy and so much fun! There's no waste, either, because Duff's Mix never fails! No wonder waffles are the popular way, nowadays, to keep a hungry family well-fed! Try Duff's Waffle Mix . . . and see!

Duff's
GINGERBREAD • WAFFLE • HOT MUFFIN MIXES

Nuace Stays Glued

Ace Art Co., Reading, Massachusetts



LOOK FOR NAME NUACE ON PACKAGE!

Housewife's Food Almanack

SWEDISH KALDOMAR

"T[illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible], [illegible] and served in [illegible] to serve six [illegible] H W [illegible] Mary-[illegible]

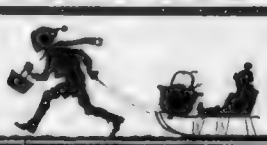
[illegible] cabbage leaves [illegible] chopped suet over [illegible] or round steak
[illegible] cups cooked rice, bread or cracker crumbs
½ tsp. salt
[illegible] poultry seasoning
[illegible] pepper
1 egg (optional)
1 small onion, chopped
[illegible] cup stewed tomatoes
Small amounts of chopped celery and peppers may be added for extra flavor

Steam the cabbage leaves until slightly wilted—not cooked through; save water. While cabbage is steaming, mix other ingredients together thoroughly.

Divide the meat mixture into six smooth oval portions, and place each serving into a neat packet of two cabbage leaves, rolling the leaves firmly around the meat and fastening with toothpicks or thread that can be removed when cooked.

Return to the water used to steam the leaves—about one inch is sufficient—and cook about 30 minutes. Remove from kettle, and add salt proportionate to the amount of water. Thicken slightly and season to taste. Serve with boiling potatoes, carrots and green salad."

(Many thanks, Mrs. Everson, for suggesting [illegible] the flavor of [illegible] Mary Lee Swann.)



LAMB CHOP CASSEROLE

A COMPLETE MEAL WITH ONE DISH

"HERE is a sort of one-dish concoction which seems to please my family and also provides almost all the food values in one dish," writes Mrs. Kathryn Brown of Macon, Georgia. "I make it this way

6 shoulder lamb chops or 6 medium sausages
1 cup sliced or diced carrots
1 cup canned peas
1½ cups diced or cubed potatoes
¼ cup diced celery
½ cup rice, cooked
1 tablespoon chopped onion
½ cup hot water
Salt and pepper

"Trim the fat from the chops and brown, with the chopped onion, in a small amount of hot fat. If sausages are used, brown without fat or flour, and prick skin to release juices.

"Mix all vegetables and the rice in a large greased casserole, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and add the hot water. Top with the meat, to which add more salt and pepper if needed. Cover and bake one hour at 350 degrees.

"I enjoy the other recipes in the Almanack, and have used quite a number of them to win family acclaim and company compliments!"

(Mrs. Brown, your One Dish Meal pleased the women who sampled it for us. Every one is doing her patriotic best to help with the war effort and all agreed that serving nourishing food to their families is one of the highest duties of any home-maker. Your recipe is easy to follow, compact in the [illegible] and very palatable.—Mary Lee Swann.)

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

"THIS dessert will top off any meal with full family approval," writes Mrs. Taimi Jakilehto of Cleveland, Ohio. "Here is the way I prepare it

1 cup sugar
5 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups boiling water
Juice of 1 lemon
Grated rind of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon of butter
2 egg yolks

"Blend the sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add the boiling water and stir until the mixture is smooth. Add the lemon juice, grated rind and butter and cook in a double boiler for 20 minutes. Beat egg yolks and add the sauce to them. Pour into a baked pie shell and let stand while you make a meringue as follows:

"Beat the two egg whites until stiff and dry. Add 4 tablespoons of sugar gradually and beat well. Cover pie with this, so that it stands up in small peaks and bake in a slow oven until golden brown."

(Mrs. Jakilehto, your pie recipe is excellent. Mary Lee Swann.)

Until 325 A.D. When Housewives Protested Only Men Were Privileged Under Grecian Law to Eat Spiced Foods.

CODFISH SOUFFLE

"I HAVE used this recipe over a period of years with great success," writes Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Holden, Massachusetts. "It is original with me and I have never seen anything like it in print.

2 cups salted, cooked codfish
2 cups mashed, potatoes
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 eggs
½ teaspoon baking powder
¾ cup thin cream or top milk
Salt and pepper to taste

"Soak dry codfish one to two hours. Drain, then cover with fresh water and simmer till tender, drain, chop fine, removing any bones, boil potatoes, put through ricer, or mash well, mix with fish, baking powder, pepper and taste before adding salt, then salt to taste. Beat well with fork; add cream. Add egg yolks beaten until a thick lemon color to this and stir well. When thoroughly blended, add stiffly beaten egg whites carefully by cutting in and folding, until egg white disappears in the mixture. Do not stir after adding whites. Pour into a deep, buttered baking dish and place in pan of hot water. Bake (375 F) about 45 minutes or until soufflé is set in center.

"Many of the group of trained nurses who sampled your recipe for us liked it very much. Two potatoes 'took away a little of the fish flavor,' they agreed, and the soufflé 'is nice enough to serve for a company luncheon or supper.'"—Mary Lee Swann.)

As Early as 1000 A.D. Many European Eating Houses Added Five Per Cent to a Guest's Bill to Tip His Waiter.

APPLE-PARSNIP CASSEROLE

"THIS dish is one of our favorites," writes Mrs. Grace F. Hiekle, Alexandria, Virginia. "We find it especially good with pork or spareribs.

"Wash, scrape and steam five parsnips until they are tender. Wash, peel and core four apples. Slice in rounds. Arrange alternate layers of parsnips and apples in a buttered casserole dish. Sprinkle each layer lightly with sugar and butter. Have a layer of apples on top. Cover with a layer of buttered bread crumbs. Pour a half cup of orange juice over all. Bake, uncovered, in a 325 deg. oven for one hour."

MARSHMALLOWS

"RECENTLY, marshmallows have been hard to buy at the grocery store," writes Mrs. Esther Nilsen, Portland, Oregon. "This recipe will make between 75 and 100 marshmallows, to fill in when you find your grocer is out of them.

"Soak one envelope of commercial gelatine in 10 tablespoons of cold water. Boil 1 pint granulated sugar with 10 tablespoons water until it threads. Add gelatine to syrup and let stand until partially cooled. Add a few grains of salt, flavor to taste, and whip until as stiff as possible, then finish with a large spoon until soft enough to settle into a sheet.

"Dust granite pans thickly with powdered sugar, pour in the candy mixture to about a half inch thickness and cast in cool place until thoroughly chilled. When cool, turn out of the pan and cut in cubes. Roll each cube in powdered sugar."

(Mrs. Nilsen, we followed your directions carefully and the group of kindergarten children who sampled your marshmallows for us paid enthusiastic tribute to the recipe. It is easy to follow.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Old-Time Bulgarian Taverns Maintained a Special Kitchen Where Guests Could Cook Their Own Food.

SPARE RIBS AND KRAUT

"WITH the pork surplus we have now, and spareribs so low in point value," writes Mrs. Helene VerKerk, Glenfield, Pa., "this has become one of our favorite recipes.

2 pounds spareribs
1 chopped apple
4 cups sauerkraut
4 medium sized onions sliced
½ teaspoon pepper

"Cut spareribs into serving pieces. Arrange kraut, onions and chopped apple in baking pan. Top with spareribs, sprinkle with pepper. Add a little water, unless kraut is quite juicy. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a half or two hours."

(Mrs. VerKerk, everyone who sampled your recipe liked it well enough to copy it. That, as we have said many times, is very sincere praise. The recipe is easy to prepare and is inexpensive.—Mary Lee Swann.)

HAVE YOU A $10 PRIZE WINNING RECIPE?

If so it belongs right here on this page. Send in your original recipes today. Perhaps one or more will win $10 in cash or War Savings Stamps if selected by the judges. No recipes can be returned. Address

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK BOX 191, GRAND CENTRAL ANNEX, NEW YORK CITY.

WILL YOU SHARE a tuna sandwich

Sandwiches are the most popular item in most canteens. And among the most popular are *tuna sandwiches*. So, next time you can't get these famous quality brands of tuna at your grocer's it may be because some of the limited supply has gone to canteens... here, there and everywhere... for the boys in uniform. And, that's just the way you'd want it, we're sure!

Buy EITHER brand... the quality is the same

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS

WHITE STAR TUNA
Chicken of the Sea TUNA
BRAND

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY IS KNOWN TO MILLIONS AS "THE NATION'S READING HABIT."

Conserve your UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

UPHOLSTERED furniture, these days, are such precious articles of home furnishings that it is a great mistake to allow them to become badly soiled and run down in appearance. Official "spring cleaning" is not far off and it is a good idea to do specialized cleaning and repair jobs in a leisurely way well in advance when there is more time to give to it.

Thorough daily and weekly vacuum care will, of course, stave off the necessity for urgent shampooing of the fabric; however, two simple courses are open to the home expert; she may follow a soap lather treatment, or tackle the job with the aid of one of the commercial preparations containing carbon tetrachloride.

How to Clean

First, decide the nature of the upholstery; if it is velvet, velour, or other similar pile fabric, don't attempt it, since such materials demand only skilled professional care; but if your armchair, or slipper chair, or your studio couch is covered with a textile such as denim, frieze, tapestry fabrics, and washable glazed chintz, then follow the green light, with caution! Test your soap lather on a rear flap or other inconspicuous portion to see if the color is fast. If it is, then take these steps:

(1) Dissolve ½ cup white neutral soap, shaved fine, in 1 quart boiling water. Cool until jellied; beat to a stiff lather like whipped egg white with a rotary egg beater; be sure it is all whip, and no liquid.

(2) Scrub the soap lather over a small area of the upholstery, using a small soft brush; always work in a round, circular motion; when lather is soiled, scrape off and wipe the area with a clean pad of damp cheesecloth.

(3) Repeat, starting with in the already cleansed area, and always work lightly on the edges to prevent the formation of "rings."

(4) Hasten the drying either by using the blower attachment of the vacuum, or an electric heater for a short period.

In using the commercial preparations to remove soil from fabrics, again first test for color fastness; then work according to special directions, always quickly, and in as dry a method as possible—it is the excess of any solvent seeping into the cloth which makes for disfigurement.

Concealing Worn Spots

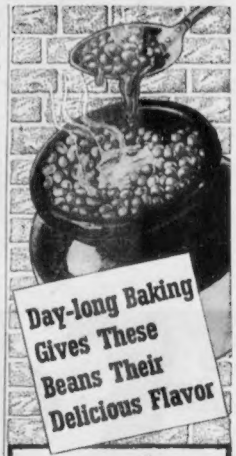
Generally it is the headrest and arms of any chair which receive the hardest usage. In addition to home cleansing of upholstered pieces, the clever and thrifty woman has discovered how to conceal such worn spots with up-to-the-minute "antimacassars."

Instead of pinning squares of coarse lace or crochet on the back and over the arms of a chair, Victorian style, today's homemaker sews smart miniature slipcovers to fit over the soiled places. Dig down into your "piece bag," and make the cover from discarded remnants or use flowered chintz which will bring a faded chair to life.

If your furniture is of the sleek, modern style, then it may appear best if the arm and back-covering sections are made from some striped fabric. If the chairs are antiques, or Victorian, then by all means make your antimacassars of an old-fashioned material such as chintz.

Repairing Slipcovers

Perhaps the chair was covered with a slipcover, which is badly worn. Rip the old cover apart, and make a muslin pattern of the sections which need to be restored. Choose a contrasting fabric to give interest to the old slipcover, as a solid dusty rose in combination with a floral, etc. Join old and new, and use your sewing machine cording foot attachment for a firm, custom-made "welting" of the seams.



Day-long Baking Gives These Beans Their Delicious Flavor

They're on sale again . . . delicious B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans . . . the genuine New England baked beans, baked (not steamed) slowly . . . all day long . . . to give you extra-tempting flavor. Whenever your Grocer is out, remember it's this long, slow baking that keeps us from hurrying more of these Down East favorites your way. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland 2, Me.

GENUINE NEW ENGLAND
B&M
BRICK-OVEN
BAKED BEANS

Get SOILAX at Hardware, Paint, Variety and Department Stores
Economics Laboratory, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.

The American Weekly is used by teachers in schools and colleges all over the United States.

CLOROX-CLEAN LINENS are Snowy-white, Sanitary ...and they last longer!

IT'S ALWAYS THRIFTY to get more wear from linens . . . and today it's patriotic, too . . . it's one way of cooperating with America's conservation program. Clorox in laundering, not only makes white cottons and linens snowy-white, sanitary, but also lessens rubbing, prolonging life of fabrics. Clorox is free from caustic, an exclusive quality . . . it gently bleaches (brightens fast colors), deodorizes, disinfects. Use Clorox also in routine cleansing of kitchen and bathroom . . . for greater health protection. Clorox is pure, safe, dependable; concentrated for economy. Simply follow directions on the label.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

CLOROX
FREE FROM CAUSTIC
Disinfects
DEODORIZES BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS

Copr. 1944, Clorox Chemical Co.

Next Week

The Brilliant Monster

● Calmly, he sharpened the knives while his wife watched in fascinated horror from the chair to which he had bound her and his infant daughter screamed in terror. Read this true tale of one of the most fiendish murders ever conceived and a criminal genius who baffled our best detective genius before he was brought to justice.

IN THE MARCH 19 ISSUE OF THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

For Arming and Protecting Every Body . . . Here's Precious

AMMUNITION!

It's the

COMMANDO FRUIT

to Fortify Every Body with vitamin C

FRESH FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT—each and every fruit just loaded with vitamin C—the precious vitamin included in the rations of all Commandos 7 days every week! No wonder Florida Grapefruit is called "the Commando Fruit."

Naturally, you and your youngsters can't get the wonderful training that's given to Commandos. But the *vitamin* C that Commandos get—for red-blooded health and vigor—you and your youngsters can get every day in the week . . . through the COMMANDO FRUIT!

AMMUNITION *to combat Colds!*

AMMUNITION *to combat Fatigue!*

AMMUNITION *to combat Weakness!*

AMMUNITION *to combat Infections!*

AMMUNITION *to combat Absenteeism!*

• Because vitamin C can't be stored in the body, your food must supply you with this vitamin *daily*. So make it a point to get fresh Florida grapefruit on every marketing day!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
Lakeland, Florida

FOOD FIGHTS

Fresh **FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT**

Rich in "Victory Vitamin C"

SMOKERS SHOULD USE

IODENT

TO ERASE Smoke Smudges

Choose PASTE or POWDER

Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to bryten and No. 2 for teeth hard to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit your teeth and watch those smudges vanish.

She Sits on the Throne of the Desert Fox

The Three-Year-Old British Youngster Is Not Afraid That Field Marshal Rommel Will Ever Drop In for His Famous Chair.

SCATTERED around the British Isles are thousands of souvenirs sent back from the war fronts by English Tommies, but the most unusual relic of all is a red leather armchair—the "throne" in which Field Marshal Irwin Rommel sat when he planned the capture of Egypt.

If the "Desert Fox," who drove his German army almost to the outskirts of Alexandria, could see his campaign chair now, he'd blush for shame—for the mighty seat is now nothing more than a breakfast chair in which a three-year-old English girl drinks her milk.

The story of how the chair—probably one of the most priceless souvenirs to come out of World War II—wound up in the Thaxted home of little Patricia Kirby, daughter of an army major, is every bit as dramatic as the gigantic struggle which it symbolizes.

The chair fell into the hands of the British after the break-through at El Alamein. Troops of the Durham Light Infantry captured the German High Command headquarters.

An officer was sent out with a truck to take the furniture for the Durham mess. In a room, beautifully hung with tapestries, he found Rommel's armchair.

As the Durham Infantry advanced, the chair went along with it.

When the soldiers loaded their equipment for the invasion of Sicily, a colonel ordered the cumbersome chair thrown away. But at 3 o'clock in the morning an officer sneaked out to the dump, rescued the Rommel seat, and had it secreted aboard one of the great supply trucks.

When Sicily had been captured, an officer who had been transferred back to Britain saw an opportunity to bring home the famous chair. While it was being loaded in the England-bound boat, the colonel, who had originally ordered it thrown away, spotted it. He nodded grimly to the major who had salvaged it.

"Well," he growled. "You have taken it this far. I guess you deserve it."

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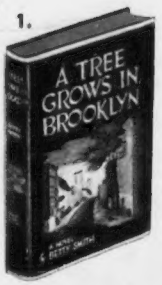

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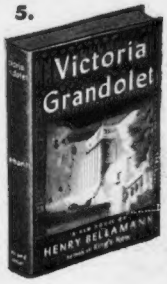

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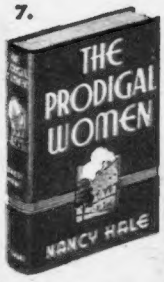

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